

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

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'Chocolat Dancing', by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (see page 318)

Is a Party System Possible in Africa?

By Sir Ivor Jennings

Prokofiev: Playboy or Prodigal?

By Martin Cooper

When Scholars Are Deceived

By Francis Haskell

'Because One Does, Old Boy'

By Russell Braddon

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The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1664

Thursday February 16 1961

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Financial Co-operation in the Free World

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

ALL the governments in the Western world, and especially the British and the American, are now being pressed by public opinion as well as by circumstances to widen the scope of their co-operation. There is a growing realization that co-operation in the military field is not enough. It must be extended to the great political and financial questions of the day if the security of the West is to be maintained and its prosperity undisturbed. And the pressure for greater frankness among governments is almost certain to grow owing to the abandonment by M. Spaak of his post as Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. His resignation has underlined the fact that the most powerful governments in the Alliance, although always ready to pay lip service to the principle of political consultation, have hardly got beyond the stage of keeping their friends informed of what they were up to—after they have acted.

In economic and financial affairs the consequences of inadequate consultation are only too apparent. Let me mention one or two of the more obvious points: there has been the big and unruly flow of short-term funds across the Atlantic; there is the heavy strain upon the dollar, with even American citizens speculating against their own currency; there is the accumulation and immobilization of vast gold and currency reserves in Frankfurt; there is the brooding uncertainty that now hangs over the financial markets of the world, and the

ever-present danger that one government acting in isolation could be driven into taking such steps to protect its gold reserves as to freeze world trade into a new depression.

So there has been a warm welcome for the announcement that senior officials from the Treasury and the Bank of England are going to Washington later this month. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has told the House of Commons that they are going in order to make contact with their opposite numbers in the various departments and institutions concerned. The purpose of their visit is to see if something effective can be done to overcome what Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has called the 'imbalance of world payments'.

In its simplest terms the problem can be stated in this way. The Americans have had a deficit of about £3,500,000,000 in their balance of payments over the last three years. It amounted to about £1,200,000,000 in 1960. There are a variety of reasons for all this. For instance, there has been the heavy American spending abroad on military aid and economic aid, and so on. A great many dollars have gone into foreign investment, into things like the Ford takeover bid, for example. Then there has been the straightforward attraction of high interest rates in London and elsewhere in Europe; and, finally, there has been the 'funk money' slinking out of New York to be hoarded in the form of gold.

The greater part of all these funds has found its way to Europe—to Britain, Switzerland and Holland, and, of course,

to Germany. Our own reserves have been strengthened by an artificial inflow of many hundreds of millions of pounds over the past year. This abnormal inflow, attracted in part by a high rate of interest, has sheltered us from the consequences of a fairly large deficit in our own balance of payments, owing to the failure of our export trade to expand fast enough. If these funds had not been available, our authorities would have been forced to take very unpleasant steps to protect the stability of our currency. And if all this short-term capital were to be withdrawn at short notice owing to the offer of higher interest rates elsewhere it would have far-reaching consequences for us all.

But there is no international criticism of Britain for having soaked up all these American funds, because they are put to use in international trade. After all, sterling is still the greatest trading currency in the world. Almost all the criticism for attracting a large volume of funds at the expense of the United States has fallen upon Germany, because the cash is virtually immobilized there; it does not go into trade or into overseas investment. It is not even allowed to have the normal effect of forcing down interest rates within Germany. It is

true that the official rate of interest in Germany is now a good deal lower than it is over here, but the rate that people actually have to pay for a loan from the bank is about half as much again in Germany as it is in this country. So, in spite of the vast gold and currency reserves in Frankfurt, German traders and manufacturers prefer to raise money abroad rather than at home, and this in turn adds to the pressure on other countries.

The first hope, therefore, is to co-ordinate interest rates. But interest rates have always been regarded as one of the attributes of national sovereignty—something that central banks in all countries have invested with an odour of sanctity. So if agreement could be reached on this very sensitive point, it would pave the way for agreements on other and more far-reaching questions. That will take time. What is wanted at once is some assurance from all the governments concerned that the profit will be taken out of currency speculation; and, secondly, that the Germans will take some step that will bring their financial practices into line with their status of a great trading and industrial nation.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The Clash between Moscow and Peking

By F. S. NORTLEDGE

THE report which has just reached the West on the Moscow-Peking conflict is a document of first-rate importance. It gives chapter and verse of a quarrel which affects the efforts of all countries to live with the communists in the world powder-barrel. The report has come from a Soviet satellite source, and it may be that Mr. Khrushchev wants outsiders to know the struggle he is having with his Chinese colleagues. It is true that we do not learn much that is new about the main differences. But there is a good deal of light thrown on recent history. It appears, for instance, that at one stage Russia wanted to withdraw her troops from Hungary in 1956 and China said 'No'. It is now almost certain that the failure of the Paris 'summit' meeting last year was due to this conflict. In fact, the report shows how Mr. Khrushchev's foreign policy is affected at every point by it.

The issues in dispute are well known. The Chinese think that war is inevitable so long as what Marxist dogma calls 'imperialism' exists. The Russians know that nuclear war would destroy everything they have built up since the revolution. At the communist summit meeting in Bucharest last June, Mr. Khrushchev told the Chinese that they did not know the meaning of war. Russia fears that war anywhere might lead to global conflict. The Chinese think limited wars are still possible, and say that Russia herself has prevented world conflict spreading from the Suez and Cuban crises. Mr. Khrushchev thinks socialism can be promoted peacefully. China calls that 'revision of Leninism'. Mr. Khrushchev says that the advance of socialism is consistent with peaceful coexistence with the West. China denies it. Mr. Khrushchev also says that so-called liberation movements, such as colonial nationalism, should be backed even where they are non-communist. The Peking communists, perhaps recalling their own efforts to collaborate with the Kuomintang in the nineteen-twenties, say that unless colonial nationalists are true communists it is a waste of time to support them.

It now appears that these differences began in acute form with the twentieth Party Congress in Russia in 1956, when

Mr. Khrushchev denounced Stalinism without apparently consulting the rest of the communist world. Then came the policy split over the Polish and Hungarian revolts the same year. China wanted to be tougher than Russia in Hungary and the other way about in Poland. But it was Mr. Khrushchev's efforts to come to terms with the West from 1958 onwards that brought things to a head. China accused him of sacrificing world communism. Mr. Khrushchev replied at the communist meeting in Bucharest last June by calling Mao Tse-tung an 'ultra leftist, an ultra dogmatist, a left revisionist'. At the Moscow meeting last autumn the Secretary-General of the Chinese Communist Party made an all-out attack on Mr. Khrushchev's Russia: it was ignorant of Marxism, he said.

Where will it all lead? How will world affairs be affected? It would be rash to talk of a complete breach: Russia and China are still too useful to each other. On the other side, Mr. Khrushchev, without convincing the Chinese, has evidently not weakened in his decision to seek an understanding with the United States, especially on disarmament. The communiqué—issued in December, after the Moscow meeting—endorsed Mr. Khrushchev's coexistence policy, though gestures were made to China's fears. But we can see how delicate the next steps in East-West relations will have to be. A significant failure for Mr. Khrushchev in East-West relations would give China the chance she is waiting for.

—General Overseas Service

Index to 'The Listener' and B.B.C. Television Review'

The Index to Volume LXIV (July to December, 1960) will be published shortly and may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

Patterns of Government in the New Africa

Is a Party System Possible in Africa?

SIR IVOR JENNINGS considers some constitutional problems

EVERY country in the Commonwealth has adopted, at least at the beginning, the principle of responsible government with adult franchise. Provided that the transition from British rule has been well prepared there is a good chance of stable government for the first eight or ten years. Experience not only in Asia but also, in the early years, in Canada and Australia, has shown that there may be difficulties. Politicians find it easy to agree when the main object is self-government or independence. They find it less easy when independence has been attained.

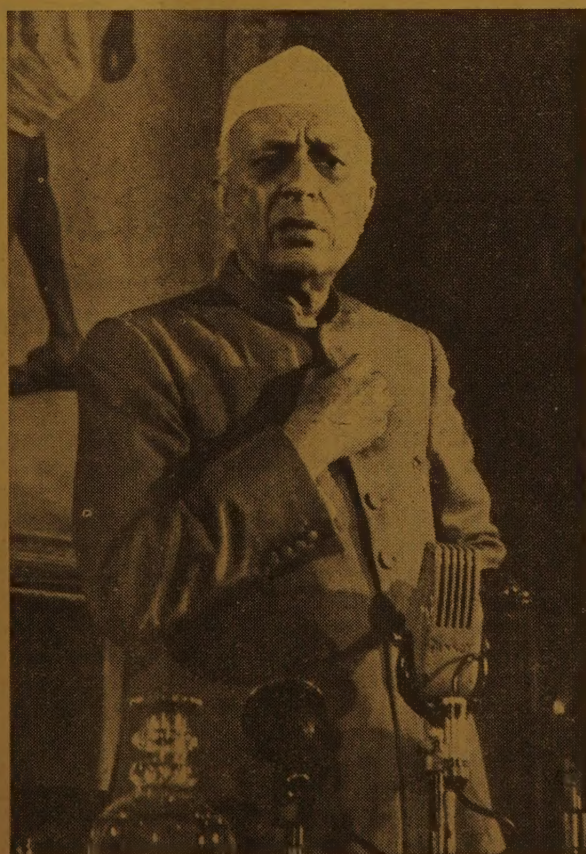
The disagreement may be about policies and it may be about personalities; often it is about both. There are plenty of disagreements in United Kingdom governments; but the United Kingdom system differs from that in a newly independent country because the strength of the government rests on the support of a huge party organization. It is virtually impossible to break away and form a new party unless there is a major split right down through the party, and that can happen only over an issue of fundamental importance. On any smaller issue, a dissenting Minister has either to acquiesce and carry on as Minister, or step outside the Cabinet and remain in the party as a candid but friendly critic of the administration.

In a newly independent country this sort of party organization in depth, bound together by ancient loyalties, can hardly exist. It does exist in India, but the Indian National Congress fought for self-government for forty years; and even so the Congress is much less highly organized than, say, the Conservative Party in Britain. The ordinary party in a newly independent country effectively consists only of a collection of politicians, without organization in depth. It is therefore easy to break up on policy or personality.

The first step towards military rule in Pakistan was the split in the Muslim League caused by the dismissal of Nazimuddin in 1953. The virtual dismissal of Bandaranaike in 1952, led to the defeat of the United National Party of Ceylon in 1956. The conflict between the two major parties was one of the causes of military rule in the Sudan. A party split does not matter, and indeed it may be



Leaders of two different kinds of republics in the Commonwealth: Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana—



—and Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India

an advantage, if it results in the setting-up of an opposition and so permits something like the two-party system of the United Kingdom. It is not likely that this will be the result, at least for some considerable time. It means that there would have to be two large parties organized in depth, that one of them would have to be content to remain out of office for something like ten years, and that the party in power would have to recognize that the Opposition was rendering a valuable service to the community — so that Government and Opposition were, so to speak, working together to ensure that the Government was effectively criticized. Every one of these requirements would be difficult

to attain. They would demand the sort of political maturity which usually develops only after a long experience of democratic government. Much more likely is a fragmentation of parties, producing short and unstable Coalition Governments.

One possible solution to this problem is to get nearer to the American presidential system. That system is not likely to work in its entirety, because it is based fundamentally on understandings about the relations between the President and the Congress which have developed over nearly 200 years. It is difficult, if not impossible, to put these understandings into legal form, as I discovered when I made an experimental draft in Pakistan. But it is possible to get somewhere near the American system by other means: it has been done in France and in Ghana.

These cases depended on the personalities of General de Gaulle and Dr. Nkrumah, and it is never easy to find successors of the same quality. The presidential system makes reasonably certain that for four or five years there will be stable government; but it is also necessary to ensure that the government will be responsive to public opinion. The United States narrowly limits the powers of the President by vesting powers in the Congress. That is one of the strongest legislatures in the world, and in it are two parties as highly organized as those of Great Britain. A presidential election is a conflict of organized parties, each of which nominates its candidate. So the presidential system assumes that there will be at least one party in opposition to the President, strong in the constituencies, and strong in the legislature.

The tendency towards one-party government,

which Ghana has exhibited, is a perversion of the democratic system. It threatens to lead towards oligarchy, not democracy. There are other difficulties in cabinet government. Cabinet Ministers are patriotic citizens who place their services at the disposal of their fellow-men, but often they are ambitious. There have been examples in Britain of Ministers who chafed under collective responsibility, which requires Cabinet Ministers to work as a team. There are always politicians outside the Cabinet who think that the country would be better governed if they were members of the Cabinet.

In other parts of the Commonwealth, it is not unusual to have politicians using publicity and other methods to advance their own political careers. It used to be said that Pakistan had not responsible government but government by intrigue. In Ceylon it proved difficult to get a good system of social services because too many Ministers wanted to have the privilege of spending money in the villages. Similarly, government jobs can sometimes be distributed as patronage among political supporters. These methods verge on corruption, but there have, in fact, been well-authenticated cases of personal corruption, in which money or some other advantage, such as a new car, is provided in order to make a Minister favourably disposed. These difficulties arise under other forms of government as well as under Cabinet Government, but they are often more obvious under Cabinet Government because Ministers are in the public eye and some are less public-spirited than others.

Both in Pakistan and in the Sudan, intrigue and corruption were alleged as reasons for military rule. I need hardly say that I express no opinion as to whether they were valid reasons. But the main problem is communalism, which usually appears in Africa as racialism or tribalism. Nationalist politicians do not like it in either form. But here, too, a certain cynicism is desirable. In India the Hindus were nationalists; in Ceylon they were communally minded. Is it entirely irrelevant that in India they were a majority, while in Ceylon they were a minority? Similarly, what is called African nationalism cannot be dissociated from the fact that Africans are, as against Europeans and Asians, in a majority.

Where there is no real racial problem, as in Ghana, Nigeria, and Uganda, though nationalism is strong, tribalism also is strong. My own opinion, which is based upon experience both in Asia and in Africa, is that attention has to be paid to these divisions and some provision made to meet them. The constitutional solution may be a federation, such as Nigeria

has. It may be some form of regional devolution, such as was attempted in Ghana, though the experiment was brought to an end before its success could be judged. It may involve careful consideration of the place of the chiefs in the constitutional structure, such as was done with the rulers in Malaya. There may be other devices of the same nature which could be produced in the light of local conditions.

In any case, one ought to write into the Constitution what in other forms of drafting are called 'protective clauses'. This means that the draftsman must ask himself what dangers the minorities feel most strongly, and try to invent devices to meet them. It may be their lands, their language, their share of government jobs, their educational system. Lands, for instance, are dealt with at length in the Constitution of Malaya, language in the Constitution of India, appointments to the public service in most of the recent Constitutions; and the educational systems are dealt with in the Constitution of Canada.

I do not suggest that these are examples to copy; I merely say that it is not beyond the wit of man to produce formulae which will provide protection. One could even extend the examples to social customs and tribal organization, though that might be more difficult. People usually think not in terms of protective clauses but of Bills of Rights. But Bills of Rights have a different purpose, to protect the individual rather than communities. They protect the individual against harsh or unjust legislation. They are difficult to draft because, if they contain broad, general propositions, like those in the United States, they open the way to a variety of different interpretations. If, on the other hand, they go into some detail, like the Bill of Rights in India, they become antiquated quickly because their language relates to social and economic conditions at the time of passing the Bill. Also, all Bills of Rights depend on the existence of a strong judiciary whose decisions are generally acceptable.

Nevertheless, we have had considerable experience of different forms of Bills of Rights in the United States, Canada, Nigeria, India, Pakistan, and Malaya: and so it is possible to devise a Bill of Rights which suits the conditions of a particular country. Constitutional devices give protection to groups and individuals, but they cannot replace goodwill, and this means goodwill on both sides. India's greatest protection has been not the Bill of Rights in the Constitution, but the evident intention of Mr. Nehru to discourage, by all the means in his power, the sort of communal attack which was common form before 1947.

—General Overseas Service

The Chemistry of Mind

The second of two talks by A MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGIST on drugs and the brain*

MAN is more concerned with how he feels than with what he thinks. So he has always sought relief from disagreeable feelings such as anxiety and nervous tension. He early discovered alcohol and its properties; later on he made decoctions of plants, and later still he synthesized drugs which act on the central nervous system in similar ways. Man has devoted much ingenuity to relieving his feelings.

How do these substances work? Is alcohol a stimulant, as so many of its admirers claim? The answer is no. Alcohol, like the commonly used barbiturate drugs, is a paralysing of the central nervous system. It reduces nervous activity as a whole and induces a pleasant lassitude. The secret of alcohol is that it releases comfortable and self-flattering thoughts from the control of realism. The paralysing action of these drugs can easily be demonstrated in the laboratory. In human beings the first casualties are the higher psychic centres. Subtlety of thought, alertness, and the social qualities such as tactfulness and modesty are soon affected. If continued doses are taken the function of the sensory and motor centres deteriorates, so that speech is slurred, gait is unsteady,

and the special senses, for example sight and hearing, lose their acuity. Finally the basic centres of the brain are attacked, and when the centre which controls breathing is paralysed, death follows. No, alcohol is not a stimulant.

True stimulatory drugs are rare, and the medical psychologist is mainly interested in those which have an effect on feelings of well-being. Such a drug is amphetamine, which was discovered some years ago and is now widely used in the treatment of depressive states. It is still not clear precisely where and how it acts, but it seems probable that one of its actions is in the mid-brain—that is, in that part of the central nervous system which has to do with the maintenance of temperament, the output of emotion, and the balance between mental satisfaction and dissatisfaction. Because of man's preoccupation with his feelings, depressive states have always been very important clinically. They produce severe mental pain, slow down activity—at times to a full stop—and profoundly affect the family and friends of the depressed person.

We can recognize two aspects of mental depression. There is the depression itself, which is a sense of hopelessness; but there are also the unpleasant sensations which accompany the depression,

* The first talk, on 'The Structure of Mind', was published on February 9.

and which are variously described as dread, apprehension, agitation, or tension. These may even be more severe than the depression itself. So in the treatment of depression there must be two aims as far as drugs are concerned: first, the relief of the depression by an effective stimulant; and, second, the control of fear or agitation by a suitable sedative. This leads to an inherent contradiction in treatment, in that on the one hand the doctor must stimulate, and on the other hand he must also sedate.

A big discovery was made in this field about nine years ago. Some French biochemists and pharmacologists were trying to find a drug which would reduce shock in patients with severe wounds. Shock normally leads to a complete loss of function of almost all the mental and bodily processes. If these processes can be arrested, as it were, by a kind of deep freeze, the deterioration of function does not take place. The French workers, in their search for a drug which would slow down vital processes, synthesized the substance chlorpromazine. This has a profound effect on the mid-brain—the same area which is affected by the stimulant amphetamine. Chlorpromazine reduces feeling and in particular slows down and diminishes response to feeling. In average doses it brings about a condition of tranquillization, and in larger doses a state of hibernation.

The effects of the introduction of chlorpromazine in the treatment of mental disorder have been revolutionary. In the first place it has been possible to help whole groups of patients who have lost control of their emotions and actions. Many of these patients are so tranquillized by chlorpromazine that they no longer need large doses of sedative drugs, and are able to leave the close supervision of locked hospital wards. Some are able to return to work. An equally important result has been the stimulus to research brought about by the discovery that a single drug could act in a discriminatory way in a particular part of the brain. At present the development of these drugs is proceeding so rapidly that they have to queue up for clinical test.

An Anti-depressant

Apart from new tranquillizing drugs, two other kinds have been developed: the anti-depressants and the psychic energizers. The psychic energizers have an added interest because their action, unlike the earlier drugs, comes closer to what we might call a natural process. Drugs like the barbiturates and chlorpromazine do not occur naturally in the body. We believe their action to be mainly pharmacological—that is a direct chemical action on certain nerve cells. But some of the psychic energizers act differently, in what may be called a biological manner. To understand this we shall have to consider more closely the way the mid-brain works. Temperament is mainly controlled in the mid-brain by what must be a balancing action between stimulation on the one hand and relaxation on the other. The balancing mechanism must be capable of regulating and timing itself so that it produces energy in a rhythmical manner and gives rise to the right activity of the appropriate degree in the right place at the proper time. Too little means depression, retardation, and loss of energy, whereas too much means excitement, over-activity and the squandering of energy. This mechanism is partly maintained by the supply of substances called amines, which are found to be plentiful in the mid-brain. Amines are derived from the breakdown of proteins, and they are concerned with the production of energy throughout the body. These naturally occurring amines—in contradistinction to amphetamine, which is a synthesized product—are themselves kept in control by an enzyme which oxidizes them into inert products. This enzyme is called monoamine oxidase. Clearly, if its action can be stopped, the quantity of amines in the mid-brain will rise. The psychic energizers are, in fact, inhibitors of this enzyme, and so their action is to increase the effective quantity of amines available in the central nervous system.

We can now treat cases of agitated depression by giving a tranquillizer, such as chlorpromazine, to control the agitation, and a monoamine oxidase inhibitor to increase energy and remove depression. But we can also tackle the problem in another way; that is, by giving an anti-depressant drug which works directly and specifically on the appropriate nerve cells. Such a drug has been discovered. Oddly enough it was found by workers who were

trying to produce an even better tranquillizer than chlorpromazine. The new drug, imipramine, is closely related chemically to chlorpromazine, but is unlike it in its action. It has little effect in controlling agitation, and is almost purely anti-depressant. A further fascinating and puzzling action of this drug is that if it is given to a patient with schizophrenia, an illness where the main disorder lies not in the feeling but in the thinking processes, it makes them worse. This is a finding which was as unexpected as it may yet prove informative.

Treating Temperamental Illnesses

So far, drugs have been produced which have gone a long way to help us treat states of disordered emotion, which we call affective states or temperamental illnesses; but we have not had much success yet in the treatment of schizophrenia. However, research work has suggested that it too is very much a biochemical illness. It is thought that under certain circumstances normal bodily products may break down in an abnormal way to produce poisonous substances. These in turn may pass from the blood and into the brain itself, where they may interfere with communications between the brain cells. The brain—with its organ of function, the mind—is a complicated electrochemical structure which depends just as much upon prompt and adequate internal communication as does an electronic computer. The starting, storing, and shunting of messages between groups of nerve cells may be interfered with by toxic processes. When this happens the patient experiences a disorganization of thinking, feeling, and orientation. There are chemicals which, when given to normal persons, cause conditions somewhat like schizophrenic processes. The substances lysergic acid and mescaline, obtained from Mexican cactus, can cause hallucinations and fleeting delusions, but the condition subsides as soon as the drug is withdrawn. When we know precisely how these substances work, we shall be closer to solving the puzzle of schizophrenia.

Some of the most recent work in the field of psycho-pharmacology has shown that some cases are due to the absence of a vital food or bodily product; these cases can be simply cured by providing the missing substance—if you can find out what it is. Other mental defects are due to the presence of poisonous substances in the body. One of the most interesting discoveries is that certain infants are unable to use some foods in the normal way. As they break these foods down, they manufacture poisonous substances, and these prevent the proper development of certain nerve cells. At present, the only cure in this case is to omit from the diet the particular food which leads to this trouble.

The discoveries of recent years have begun to disclose a few of the more simple mysteries of the relationship between brain and psyche. We know enough to be able to look forward with certainty to a rapid increase in our understanding of the finer chemistry of brain and its more precise relationship to the detailed thinking and feeling processes themselves.—*Network Three*

The Dangerous Gift

Were I to cut my hand
On the sharp knife you gave me
(That dangerous knife, your beauty),
I should know what to do:
Bandage the wound myself
And hide the blood from you.

A murderous knife it is,
As often you have warned me:
For if I looked for pity
Or tried a wheedling note
Either I must restore it
Or turn it on my throat.

ROBERT GRAVES

—Home Service

The Listener

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Forging and Experts

THE faking of works of art has a long history. In a treatise written 400 years ago by Don Felipe de Guevara, a Spanish connoisseur of the time, there can be found a detailed description of forgeries of pictures by Hieronymus Bosch. Don Felipe described how 'monsters and weird visions' in Bosch's style were fraudulently signed with his name and then 'smoked in the chimney to give them a genuine antique appearance'. In the early Renaissance there are stories of the faking of medals, sculptures, and coins. All through the Middle Ages documents were forged as a matter of common practice. In the first century A.D. in Rome, Phaedrus tells us how the name of Praxiteles was being added on by certain artists to marble sculptures in order to increase their value. So the many faked works of art now on show in an exhibition at the British Museum certainly have a long—if lurid—tradition behind them.

If the exhibition is any guide the forgeries seem to be almost comprehensive in their diversity, ranging from skulls to bogus first editions or postage stamps. There seems to be little that the forger has not turned his hand to at some time or another. The ethics of forging have, however, been more narrow. We can sympathize perhaps with the monks of some medieval monastery who forged a charter describing their foundation in order to improve their title to a piece of land that was rightly their own but might be snatched from them by some predatory king or baron. But with more recent forgeries—as the exhibition catalogue suggests—the desire has generally been monetary gain, or the wish to take in the expert. Visitors to the show may well agree with Mr. Francis Haskell, who reviews it for us on another page, that one of the intriguing aspects of it is 'to see how comparatively few of the forgeries actually take us in' today. This is particularly true of Van Meegeren's work. For all this forger's skill and the technical drama of his achievement most students of art-history today, let alone experts, feel genuinely enough that Van Meegeren's efforts are unmistakable forgeries. In 'The Procureess', which illustrates Mr. Haskell's talk, the paint is too coarsely handled for the picture ever to have made sense as a plausible seventeenth-century Dutch picture, while the editor of *The Burlington Magazine* has described his—far subtler—attempted early work by Vermeer, the 'Supper at Emmaus' as 'fashioned out of the ephemeral heroes and heroines of the period . . . the heavily-lidded eyes of Greta Garbo in the mid-thirties, whom Van Meegeren was unconsciously setting up as his ideal'.

The frightening thought, of course, may be that the British Museum exhibition and other recent shows contain only the forgeries that have been discovered. Many of these were a blow to the reputation of those experts who had once accepted them. Are our younger experts still being deceived by undetected forgeries in galleries and museums up and down the country? The answer is probably no, because of the new—almost secret—weapons which today have been placed in the hands of the art scholar by the scientist. There are now many tests of substance that can be applied to the materials out of which a work of art is made. Provided these are carried out, and provided our experts keep fresh their aesthetic experience of works by artists likely to attract the forger (such as Vermeer or Georges de La Tour), the lessons offered by the present exhibition can reassure rather than disturb.

What They Are Saying

. . . or not saying

A NOTABLE FEATURE of Middle East broadcasts has been the calling-off—for the moment, at any rate—of violent and abusive radio campaigns by one Arab state against another. An agreement on this was reached with some difficulty at the recent meeting of the Arab League. King Hussein of Jordan then took the initiative and ordered Amman radio to stop replying to attacks by 'certain Arab countries'. A few days later 'The Voice of the Arabs' from Cairo hastily summed up the lessons of a bitter anti-Jordan series on Palestine which, under the title 'Lest We Forget', had lasted a year. It announced a new 'documentary' series, under the same title, on two aspects of the Palestine question: those who had betrayed the country and those who had fought to save it. In this way, said Cairo, the new talks would be an 'extension' of those already given.

Tass gave publicity to an editorial in the Soviet *New Times*, which claimed there were 'several contradictory trends' in President Kennedy's foreign policy statements. Tass said:

The socialist countries have received with bewilderment Kennedy's expressed hope that freedom and welfare would be ultimately achieved for the peoples of eastern Europe . . . If this is the hope that the yoke of capitalist 'freedoms' would again be foisted upon these nations, it is absolutely vain. No good will come of such a policy.

Two days before this, Moscow radio's foreign services had launched a new series on 'peaceful coexistence'. The first talk said:

The principle of peaceful coexistence implies . . . recognition of every country's right, whether large or small, to choose its own government and run its own affairs in its own way. The principle also implies . . . renunciation of intervention in the internal affairs of other states with the aim of changing their form of government, whatever the pretext for such intervention.

Despite that last phrase, Moscow quoted the periodical *Kommunist* in a broadcast to south-east Asia. This argued that 'the struggle against colonialism' did not end with the abolition of the colonial regime. The governments of newly sovereign states were told they must face a long and difficult struggle for economic independence of the 'imperialists', during which communism would be their 'dependable shield'.

Mr. Krishna Menon took a different view of 'peaceful coexistence' when, as reported by New Delhi radio, he said that 'China, in an act of mad folly and betrayal of faith, had committed incursions' against India. Nevertheless 'India refused to cultivate bitterness against any aggressor'.

The second anniversary of Mr. Macmillan's visit to the Kremlin was the subject of Soviet comment for Britain. Moscow radio said it was 'hard to understand' why the Prime Minister considered the visit 'one of the biggest risks' the British Government had taken. The Soviet commentator thought the 'big risk' lay rather in 'Whitehall's present flirtations with Hitler's former accomplices'. Another Moscow broadcast, ostensibly dealing with Britain's economic position, said that the Government had 'gambled heavily' and was 'out of the frying-pan into the fire'. It was 'extremely significant' that there were rumours of Mr. Macmillan's 'resignation'.

While official opinion in Bonn took the view that everything possible had been done to help the United States in its balance of payments difficulties, some of the West German press disagreed. The *Frankfurter Rundschau* had this comment:

The dollar, the leading currency of the Western world, is in danger. President Kennedy and his administration are making every effort to maintain the value of their currency, which must remain stable in our interest as well. The Federal Government's assistance in this matter should not be too small.

There was another interesting silence this week. Up to the time of writing Moscow had made no reference to the five persons accused in London of offences under the Official Secrets Act.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES



Ice Fjord, Spitzbergen

Did You Hear That?

PULL OF THE POLAR REGIONS

'SPITZBERGEN IS A mountainous, snow-covered island, only 600 miles from the North Pole', said WALLY HERBERT in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'Savage icy seas pound her coasts to the east and west, while on her northern shore the great white desert of polar pack-ice presses, cracking and groaning, high on to the beaches and well into the fjords.

'I was a member of the advance party of a small expedition that was visiting Spitzbergen for the summer. The main object of the expedition was to carry out a programme of medical research experiments on our reaction to living through a day only twenty-one hours long. We were therefore fitting eight days into every seven "real" days, and acquiring three extra meals every week. The object of this odd system was to try to isolate the natural rhythms of the body that functioned on a diurnal basis from those that did not, and we, as guinea pigs of the experiment, had to subject ourselves to physiological observations every two hours, and a mental acuity test at 7.30 a.m. every day.

'The last of the winter ice was still in the fjord as we pushed our way through it, creaking and bumping, towards four disused trappers' huts that were going to be our home for the next three months. We had brought with us a huge cast-iron stove which had an oven built in. We were able to make all sorts of good things in our little oven, and firewood was not at all scarce, for on the beach were hundreds of big fir and pine logs that had drifted in the icy seas all the way from Siberia. On some of these logs we even found the tell-tale marks of beavers that live in the great Siberian forests.

'The air was bracing, with a slightly cold wind blowing off the great glacier which flowed into the sea only two miles away, and the sun shone for twenty-four hours of the day and practically every day for the first week. Soon we had discovered all kinds of birds' nests in the vicinity of the base huts, and there was a pair of snow buntings nesting in one of the walls of the main hut.

'There is no doubt that the polar

regions have a strange, compelling fascination for everyone who has the good fortune to go there. I have yet to meet the man who has been to the Antarctic or to the High Arctic, that has not stood on the stern of his relief ship, watching the great ice-covered mountains and glaciers disappearing over the horizon, who did not say to himself: "One day I must return". Why a man who has wintered in the barren Antarctic feels that way is always difficult to explain but the Arctic in the summer would appeal to practically everyone. The tundra is covered in tiny flowers, there are all kinds of birds nesting, singing, or gliding over waves and icebergs in the fjords. Every so often, a rumble like thunder comes from the direction of the nearest glacier, and yet another huge piece of ice tumbles into the sea, and rolls up and down in the swell. That is a beautiful, awe-inspiring sight'.

THE ACTOR'S PATRON SAINT

'One morning', said W. R. RODGERS in 'Today' (Home Service), 'I happened to be in a radio station in Ireland getting ready

to rehearse a broadcast, when suddenly I noticed that the actors were quietly slipping out of the studio, one by one. "What's going on here?" I asked. "Well", they explained, "it's St. Blaise's Day, and the priest has just come into the Green Room to give us his blessing". "But why St. Blaise?" I asked. "Oh", they said, "don't you know? St. Blaise is the patron saint of actors because he cures sore throats"—and a sore throat is any actor's nightmare. It is an interesting example of how old saints, like old soldiers, never die; they simply modernize themselves.

'St. Blaise was a bishop of Dalmatia who lived in the fourth or fifth century. One day, it is said, he met a woman whose child was choking because of a bone stuck in its throat. St. Blaise at once laid his hands on the child's throat and prayed, and it was healed. And so, no doubt, arose his reputation for curing sore throats. He is also invoked for toothache.

'Blaise became a popular saint. He is said to have visited England, and in Cornwall, where he is sup-



At St. Ethelreda's Church, Holborn, children's throats are blessed annually on St. Blaise's Day



A craftsman in Yorkshire carving the trademark of a mouse on a hand-made refectory table

posed to have landed, there is a little village, St. Blazey, named after him. His day used to be an important festival, particularly in Yorkshire and in the part of Suffolk near where I live. It was specially important to countrywomen, who kept it as a holiday and whose custom it was to run into one another's houses with lighted brands which they flung on the hearth, shouting, "St. Blaise for a blaze!" And if any woman were found spinning on that holy day her neighbours would break her distaff and "make a blaze of it".

MERCHANTS' MARKS

Sometimes when looking at old buildings one notices certain strange hieroglyphics on them. F. E. EVANS explained their origin and purpose in 'Midlands Miscellany' (Midland Home Service). 'They tell us', he said, 'of the days when England became one of the world's greatest nations—not through force of arms but by means of merchandise. The merchant's mark was the device that each merchant marked on his goods, property, implements, and so on. It identified them and, indirectly, it showed the importance of the merchant himself.'

'In consequence, the owners became so proud of their marks that they placed them on their houses, furniture, benefactions such as schools or alms-houses, and on their elaborate tombs and memorials. This new nobility of the counting-house began to use their marks exactly as the old aristocracy of birth did their coats of arms. In defence, the heralds forbade the designing of any mark within the shape of a shield.'

'We learn much from these marks. Where a connexion is not known a merchant's mark may reveal it, and the association of a person with a mansion, old mill, almshouse, or even area of the country can thus become known to the benefit of historians, genealogists, and others. When the new London Bridge was being built a ring was discovered with a merchant's mark upon it. This was traced as being that of Sir Thomas Gresham, who founded the Royal Exchange.'

'The design of some of these marks is interesting. There is an upright line, sometimes with wavy ones at the top. This represents the mast of a ship with pennants flying, for in olden days roads were bad and much merchandise went by water. A horizontal line forms a cross, because there were so many dangers from fire, plague, robbers, and so on that protection by God was

earnestly sought. Some marks will be seen to contain several crosses: that of John Pergett at Chipping Norton has the "mast" supported by two struts each in the form of a cross. The horizontal line is often joined to the top of the "mast", forming a figure 4. This implied that the merchants traded with the four corners of the world.'

'Sometimes the merchants' implements were worked into the design: the weaver's shuttle, tailor's shears and tanner's vat, or tun. Shears, together with personal marks, can be seen on memorial brasses at Northleach, Gloucestershire, where there were important merchants'.

TRIALS OF AN ILLUSTRATOR

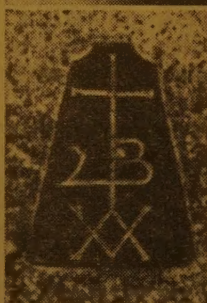
'When people first hear that I have kept body and soul together with pencil and pen, as it were, for over thirty years', said JOYCE JOHNSON in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme), 'they usually want to know how I began. Well, I began with paper bags. I worked in a studio attached to some printing works, where machines, fed with an enormous roll of plain paper at one end, produced printed paper bags at the other. These were for shops mostly—butchers and grocers and bakers and fruiterers. This meant I was for ever drawing sausages and pork pies and still life groups of fruit, and children gazing goggle-eyed at cakes.'

'I remember being delighted with my first chance to break out from this prosaic round, when I was asked to get out an idea for the Snowdrop Laundry. I did a design that was the essence of purity, I thought, in a clear blue and green on white paper. Yes, the laundry liked this, I was told, and had decided to have it—but printed in violet and orange instead of blue and green, and on brown paper instead of white.'

'The time came when I felt I should perhaps aim a little higher. So I rented an attic in Hampstead for 6s. a week (this was in 1938), bought a drawing table for £5 and a chair for exactly 4s. 11½d., and answered all the likely and unlikely advertisements I saw. One brought a reply from a firm who were "interested in silhouettes and other dainty forms of art". Whereat I sent to them what I thought was a very dainty form of art—a pixie resting in a cob-web hammock swung between two blades of grass, and holding a daisy to shade himself from the sun. "Dear Madam", came the business-like reply: "Re Elf of the 15th inst. We like this picture, but do not care for this type sunshade". As I happened just then to care for their type payment, I substituted a sunshade of the ordinary human variety for the scorned daisy. It was child's play illustrating fairy stories and books about toy characters after my paper-bag period, when I had to contend with butchers who would go into detailed criticism regarding the hind-quarters of a pig, or grocers who delighted in pointing out that no one could operate a slicing machine like *that*. For who can question the anatomy of a golliwog or maintain that a gnome couldn't sit in that particular position?'

'I once came down to breakfast when I was staying with a friend in her Cotswold cottage to find she had laid a dead mouse beside my place. "I thought it was too pretty to throw away", she said. I spent the morning doing various sketches of it; and in less than a week some publishers wrote and asked me if I liked drawing mice. I just sent them my sheet of drawings and got the job.'

'The most recent books I have illustrated are some school histories. Every page is printed in the wrong colour. Any child could be forgiven for thinking that when Norman castles were being built, the fields of England were bright red. The Tudors have all gone in for green hair, and the Spanish Armada is certainly sailing under false colours'.



Above: an early insurance company's firemark, and, left, detail from the memorial in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Northleach, to Thomas Bushe, woolman, showing his mark
National Buildings Record

Return of Historicism in Architecture

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

The following talk, broadcast in the Third Programme, is part of an address recently given to the Royal Institute of British Architects

QUEER things are happening in architecture today, none queerer than what made me call this talk 'The Return of Historicism'. Let me explain what I mean by this title. Historicism is the outcome of such a dominating faith in history that it chokes original action and the action which replaces it is inspired by the past. In architecture the nineteenth century was the period of universal historicism. The architect and the architectural historian was as a rule the same man. As a historian he would travel, look at buildings of the past, draw them and measure them, and then he would return and, as an architect, design the building in their image or at least exclusively with their motifs.

But then, about 1900 to 1910, a race of giants arose and created a new style for a new century, a style which was completely independent of the past. It was a tremendous thing to do, and we have grown much too blasé to appreciate that any longer to the full. The courage, the force of imagination and also the intellectual effort were truly gigantic. For there were not only new forms involved, but also a new attitude to architecture. The new conception was that architecture, besides being an art, is also a service to the community. This new sense of social responsibility expressed itself in the principle of functionalism, that is the principle that form follows function, in the sense that a building must function first of all and nothing on its exterior—or inside either—must reduce its well-functioning; or, the other way round, that the beauties of the exterior must be developed after the assurance of the fullest functional fulfilment, and never at the expense of it.

These new principles did not establish themselves at once, of course. The development of the years 1890-1930 is a straight line only in so far as novelty of forms goes, but regarding the social side it is a development in which functional and anti-functional tendencies alternate. The first emergence of new forms, nothing to do with function, was about 1890 to 1905 in what was called Art



Gaudí's Casa Milà at Barcelona

Photograph by Joaquín Gomis from 'Gaudí' (Editorial: R.M., Barcelona)

Nouveau in England and France, Jugendstil in Germany, Stile Liberty in Italy. It was mostly a matter of decoration and the crafts, but culminated in a few architects, the greatest of them Gaudí of Barcelona. They broke up historicism and introduced unprecedented, sinuous or crustaceous, abstract or naturalistic forms. Their courage was great, their ornamental inventiveness uninhibited, but their works often make those of the historicists preceding them look very sensible and serviceable indeed.

Then came the giants, Frank Lloyd Wright, Perret and Garnier, Loos and Hoffmann, Behrens and Gropius, and the principles of functionalism and at the same time the straight unrelieved forms of the twentieth century were established in opposition to Art Nouveau. By 1914 that style was complete. But in the turmoil of the first world war which destroyed the universal faith in progress and rationality, a reaction appeared: Expressionism with forms as fantastic as Art Nouveau, but now sharp, violent, and aggressive, and with as little interest in function as Art Nouveau. It was an episode confined chiefly to Germany and Holland, but even Gropius and that noblest of purists Mies van der Rohe lost themselves for a while in that undergrowth. And then, by 1924 I would say, the functionalism of 1910 returned, and for a while all seemed well to us young people.

But we were deceiving ourselves. The style was too exacting, too perfectionist, too puritanical, and perhaps also too in-



Design for the new U.S. Embassy at Dublin by John Johansen

flexible to be a popular success. It was never wholly accepted—certainly not in England or France, in the United States or Italy—and in Germany, where more than anywhere it was, Hitler suppressed it. It had really become an internationally welcome style only by 1945 to 1950; but by then vigorous opposition against it had started, an opposition not from the diehards, but from the young—young in mind if not always in body. That opposition is not, strictly speaking, my subject here. But the return of historicism is one aspect of it, and its most unattractive aspect.

Brand-new Neo-Isms

The fact of the matter is this. While there are still some of the old Neo-Georgians about, building for the financiers and the farmers—*The Financial Times* and the Farmers' Union—there are also among us, some in this country, many in Italy, those who go in for brand-new Neo-Isms. There is Neo-Liberty in Italy, there is quite a lot of Neo-Gaudí, and there is Neo-Expressionism. I will try to give you some examples. Gaudí's Casa Milá at Barcelona has a curved front with heavily rounded details as though it were scooped into by surf. It seems inimitable when you see it, bold and crazy. But fifty years later there is John Johansen's design for the American Embassy at Dublin doing the same thing, and Messrs. Howell, Killick and Partridge's science building at Birmingham University also—though comparatively moderately. Since 1955 seven books on Gaudí have come out in Barcelona and recently two in America and England. Or there is the famous furniture made by Rietveld in Holland about 1917 to 1918, very chunky, with every part clearly and demonstratively separated from the other: a forceful statement in favour of the return to the elementary, and of course part of the Cubist movement as well. Consider some recent furniture, again by Howell, Killick and Partridge, and also by others, and the dependence will not be denied by anybody.

Then there were the similarly chunky, arbitrarily projecting bits in the façades designed by the members of the School of Amsterdam, de Klerk and Piet Kramer, before 1920, and there they are again, for instance, in buildings designed, forty years later, by Messrs. Stirling and Gowan. The School of Amsterdam also went in for weird bits of brick decoration and fancy window shapes; if you thumb the Italian architectural magazines, you will find them revived in buildings by little known, but also some very well known, Italian architects. Again, the same magazines carry fully illustrated articles on the leaders of Art Nouveau, on Horta, on Van de Velde, on Mackintosh, on Sommaruga—in fact, the lot.

Are the Historians Culpable?

But here I must stop for a moment in self-defence. I myself wrote a book in 1936, on the development from 1890 to 1914; and it must have been the first to present Art Nouveau to many people in this country. Expressionism, of course, was outside my field. It came out, and it sold slowly. Then, in 1949, the Museum of Modern Art in New York took it over, and its prospects began to look up. Now it is a Pelican. I am therefore undeniably a beneficiary from the return to historicism. But am I also a culprit? Is it not we, the historians, who have presented to these architects what tempted them into imitation, or even inspired them? Probably we did do it, yet I deny that any historicist intention guided at least my hand. My motives were entirely different. I was an ardent modern in the nineteen-thirties—and I still am; that is, an old-fashioned modern who goes on believing in the soundness of the principles of the nineteen-thirties. But as a historian I was not going to be swayed by that. My curiosity was roused by this new style I was experiencing: how did it come about? What happened between the period inspiration of the nineteenth century and this new style? So out came William Morris, out came the Arts and Crafts, out came Art Nouveau, and in the end I was satisfied that the various trends had been recognized, described, and set against each other, and that the task was fulfilled.

But to recognize Art Nouveau for what it was and to define the part it played in history does not necessarily mean to recommend it, least of all for imitation. On the contrary, I wish architects and especially students would always understand that the

historian presents styles, as eloquently and evocatively as he can, not as examples to be followed but as examples to prove that each period and phase has to create its own expression, and that therefore our day is under the same obligation. The historian deals with the uniqueness of each style and is in this respect the very opposite of the partisan journalist who tries to tempt laymen and non-laymen into considering authoritative witnesses from the past for his own purposes.

I apologize for this bit of apology. What really matters much more than to allocate guilt is to ask in all seriousness how this return to historicism can be happening? My answer would be this. It is part of something much wider. I have already said that in the second world war, and immediately after, a violent reaction set in against the rationalism of the style of the twentieth century, if we can still call it that. Historically speaking it started with young Oscar Niemeyer in Brazil in 1942 and 1943. It broke into full virulence with Le Corbusier's Maisons Jaoul, his Unité d'Habitation at Marseilles, and his Pilgrimage Chapel at Ronchamp. And now roofs like collapsed tents are with us; roofs like the tops of mushrooms; porch canopies curling up, or doing a Hitler salute, or snaking left and right; windows in a wall of all shapes and sizes, as if the wall were a complicatedly punched card; walls also with an applied chequerboard pattern, either by imposing it on normal fenestration—as for instance in the gilt-edged windows in Grosvenor Square—or by setting the windows themselves chequerboard-wise.

Acrobatics in Roof Configurations

You can easily imagine that, behind such a wall, planning must be either bad or adjusted with veritable acrobatics; 'acrobatics' in fact is the word which that great imaginative engineer-architect Nervi uses to describe many of the fashionable and exciting new roof configurations. Nervi actually used it for the sail or shell-shaped roofs of the future Sydney Opera House. Of course you can argue that for an opera house in such a glorious position you want something exciting rather than something rational. But we must be clear all the same that this new style of the nineteen-fifties is an anti-rational style. It has been called neo-sculptural, neo-plastic, neo-formalist; anyway, it is anti-rational. And with that it is anti-functional. I do not say it is necessarily unfunctional, but it is anti-functional. The controls of function as established in the first third of the twentieth century—and in this immensely important process we can forget the Expressionist episode—are now relaxed. How fatally relaxed they can be you can see in the exhibitions of students' work from the most go-ahead schools. I remember particularly vividly the show-rooms for the Furniture Manufacturers' Association by a student who was certainly not lacking in initiative. This building was abstract sculpture of a doughy, rooty, bony or gristly kind, not the functionally best solution nor an economically justifiable solution, nor acceptable in terms of townscape. And the design was most certainly influenced by Gaudí.

It is the undisciplined individualism of such designs that worries me. I have been told that I should not worry. Let architects do what they like. Why shouldn't they have fun? But that is not really good enough. If the historian of architecture does not take style dead-seriously, he stops being a historian. If style is the visual expression of an age, then style must matter. The style of 1900 to 1950 was that. The forms created, the planning solutions found, represented faithfully what the age was up to. Leadership of science and technology, industrial production of parts, catering for mass-needs in housing, factories, and also of course schools, hospitals, hotels, and so on; anonymous clients not only as tenants, pupils, patients, but often even as committees approving designs, firms of architects designing for these committees instead of working as lonely geniuses in their studios. These conditions were recognized and accepted. The outcome was the attitude of the architect as the provider for material and spiritual needs that had been intelligently analysed.

Spiritual needs? Perhaps in the rigidity of the style of before the second world war the spiritual needs were not sufficiently taken care of. Yes, there is something in that, and if Le Corbusier is so lucky as to be commissioned to design a pilgrimage chapel, by all means give free play to his genius. I am ready to concede

this freedom to the Sydney Opera House as well. But to the secretariat by Le Corbusier at Chandigarh, which is an office building, or to a science block for a university? To show-rooms for furniture manufacturers? Who wants to be excited by them?

In the end, even the admission of two fundamentally different approaches to two different types of building worries me as a historian. An age ought to be capable of creating a unified style, and I am not convinced that the Stockholm crematorium and the Gothenburg concert hall are emotionally less effective because they are neither Art Nouveau nor Expressionist, but display a noble unaffected simplicity. I admit the frequent failing of the style of the nineteen-thirties, when it came to building for spiritual needs, and I admit the necessity of more variety than the rigid parallel lines of rational housing in the 'thirties provided. But I believe that siting, grouping, landscaping and a sensitive selection of materials should take the place of the fashionable funny

turns; that is, I believe that architecture can remain rational and functional without having to be dull and barren. That conviction of mine has nothing to do with historicism, although, if it had been universally accepted, there would have been no return to historicism.

For the reason for the Return of Historicism is, in my opinion, simply this: when the great ones start doing funny turns or, to be more polite, to be original at all costs, then the less great ones will imitate them and repeat their funny turns, or try to achieve an easier originality, with less obvious imitation, by borrowing from sources of the past not yet familiar from past borrowers. To borrow from the eighteenth century or the Neo-Classicism of the Regency would be too blatant; but it seems that to borrow from Art Nouveau or Expressionism is almost to be original.

The full text of this lecture will be published in the April number of the R.I.B.A. Journal

Playboy or Prodigal?

MARTIN COOPER on Serge Prokofiev

ACCORDING to his western critics Prokofiev's career was a slow degeneration from the brilliant and ruthless young musical anarchist of pre-revolutionary days, through a period as 'playboy of the western world' during the nineteen-twenties, to the respectability of the Soviet laureateship and the unconscious philistinism of his latter years. The official Russian portrait, on the other hand, is of a musical 'prodigal' who left the fatherland to go whoring after the strange gods of the West and returned in middle life to his duty, to die in the odour of Soviet sanctity.

Prokofiev and Stravinsky

I believe that we may best hope to understand Prokofiev if we compare him with his contemporary, compatriot, but absolute antithesis—Stravinsky. Stravinsky and Prokofiev have pursued diametrically opposite paths of development as artists, yet both have travelled the same psychological 'inner circle'—Stravinsky travelling, as it were, from east to west and Prokofiev from west to east. The differences that divided them were by no means merely temperamental, though those were certainly great. Entering the Russian musical world ten years later than Stravinsky, Prokofiev found that an impasse had been reached—a point at which established composers had exhausted the traditional language but still feared to embark on new experiments.

Prokofiev's hostility was not simply the violent reaction of youth; it also had the character of an instinctive recoil, immediate and prompted by no intellectual reasoning. In his recent 'Conversations' Stravinsky describes Prokofiev as 'the contrary of a musical thinker', and goes on to make fun of his commonplace mind and poor general culture. This is of course the perennial jibe of the intellectual musician against the musical 'natural'. It was Prokofiev's musician's instinct, not any conscious intellectual choice, that drew him from the very beginning towards Western music. Indeed the seeds of neo-classicism were perhaps first sown during one of those evenings in December, 1906, when Max Reger visited St. Petersburg and gave a concert of his own works. Prokofiev was then a boy of fifteen, and the impression that Reger's music made on him can be seen clearly in the 'Ten Pieces' for piano that he wrote during the next eight years.

If we consider such music against the background of Rachmaninov or Scriabin, its full originality appears. Here are fresh air, a clean palette, and no more souls or symbols, but also no theories of regenerating music by a return to the past, no intellectual justifications or *raffinements*. Prokofiev was indeed a self-conscious 'barbarian' in those days, and almost at the same time as the Regerish neo-classical pieces he wrote the Toccata whose persistent, drumming rhythm and thick, graceless harmonic chunks must have sounded crude indeed in 1913.

The two chief centres of musical modernism in Russia during the years immediately before the revolution were the 'Contemporary Music Evenings' in St. Petersburg and the Moscow magazine *Muzyka*. Both these institutions gave the young Prokofiev their fullest support and came into contact with the aesthetic world of Diaghilev's magazine *Mir Iskusstva*—'The World of Art'. This represented the reaction against what was then the Tolstoyan, and is more familiar to us as the Soviet, view of the artist as a moral agent with grave social responsibilities. When Diaghilev proclaimed that 'the only way to ensure progress and effectively to combat routine in the arts is to follow contemporary movements in Western Europe', he was declaring himself the last of the maximalist 'Westernizers'. How seriously Prokofiev was affected by any theories is doubtful (he always hated theorizing) but there is no doubt that he felt the influence of Diaghilev's trump-composer, Stravinsky, and showed it clearly in his *Scythian Suite*—close to the *Sacre* in conception and often in sonority—and in the ballet *Chut*. Moreover, although he always remained on the outskirts of Diaghilev's personal circle, which regarded him as embarrassingly 'uncultured', what we may call a 'World of Art' strain persisted in his choice of subjects until the late 'twenties. We can see it in his preference for the poet Balmont, who provided him with the texts of a number of songs and the cantata *Seven of Them*; for Bryusov's *Flaming Angel*, with its magic and its religious mania; in the brittle, fantastic world of Gozzi's *Love of Three Oranges* and the sophisticated, 'abstract', and 'modernistic' ballet *Pas d'Acier*.

Attitude to Revolution

Prokofiev's attitude to the revolution seems to have been one of almost incomprehensible indifference. Music was in fact his sole interest, and he shared the common belief that a revolution which aimed at clearing the ground for a new society must automatically favour artistic innovation. When in 1918 he was disappointed in this belief he left Russia without hard feelings and without cutting the ties that bound him to his past. For the next fourteen years he led the life of a travelling virtuoso pianist, with intervals dedicated exclusively to composition.

A list of the works completed or composed during these years reflects Prokofiev's instinctive preferences while he was under no sense of obligation, and concerned only with satisfying his own creative impulses—and making a living. In the first place we have three operas: *The Gambler*, *The Love of Three Oranges*, and *The Flaming Angel*, and four ballets: *Chut*, *Le Pas d'Acier*, *The Prodigal Son*, and *Sur le Borysthène*. Closely related to these are the third and fourth symphonies, based on material of *The Flaming Angel* (which was never performed at the time) and *The Prodigal Son*. Although Prokofiev was making his liveli-

hood as a pianist, it is strange that he wrote only one piano sonata and one concerto during these years. A handful of chamber works completes the list. None of this music brought Prokofiev any real and lasting success.

He was not, in fact, a lovable personality; and his music aroused in the western European and North American public an unsatisfactory blend of admiration and even repulsion—'the football pianist', they called him. Prokofiev himself declared that his chief interest at this period was 'the search for novelty and the breaking of tradition', and it does not need a Soviet aesthete to find this a negative and incomplete ambition for a mature artist. The first sign of an approaching crisis in Prokofiev's artistic development was a falling-off not so much in the quality as in the quantity of his work. Like all musical 'naturals', he had always written with extreme facility and seemed never at a loss for a musical idea; but during the latter part of the nineteen-twenties we find him repeatedly rewriting or arranging unsuccessful works rather than composing new ones. So that by the time he decided to return to Russia his output was in fact reduced to a trickle. His music was not wanted in western Europe, and he needed the stimulus of performance, needed to put his gifts at the service of some welcoming and approving body. His thoughts returned to what was now a new public, his own people. In 1930 he was approaching forty and found himself at an age and in a position which send many 'prodigal sons' back to their fathers, or their fatherlands. In 1933 he tried to explain to Serge Moreux what was now a firm decision to return to live in Russia:

I must see a real winter and a real spring again, I must hear Russian spoken round me and talk to people who are close to me . . . whose songs are my songs. Here I am restless and I'm in danger of becoming an academic.

This was a strange word and one that he used perhaps already in the Soviet sense of 'rootless' and 'formalistic'.

Confession of Failure?

Was this indeed what Stravinsky calls it, 'simply a sacrifice to the bitch goddess', a confession of failure and a desperate attempt to win success by a recantation? It was not as simple as that, though I believe that Stravinsky's religious metaphor is apt, and that Prokofiev's return to Russia was in a sense a religious act, an act of faith and an attempt to 'save his soul' which he felt parched and withered in the fashionable *avant-garde* musical circles of western Europe. Certainly his fertility returned immediately and never left him again, though we can find evidence of his filling periods of diminished creative power by copious arrangements of his own music. In the twenty years of working life that were left to him—the whole of the second half of his life as a composer—Prokofiev wrote two-thirds of his whole output. Much of this music consists in frank trivialities, but there was also much serious and, in a new way, characteristic music.

'My lyrical gift', he once explained, 'was slow to develop because it was so little appreciated', and it is true that he was accepted in western Europe as the extrovert, sarcastic, irreverent 'playboy' of the 'contemporary' movement, the monkey whose tricks, as he got older, gradually ceased to amuse. Now, back in Russia, he was asked to develop his lyrical gift, and according to a formula that he had in the past repeatedly mocked—broad, immediately intelligible (that is to say traditional) melody of a 'life-enhancing' type modelled either on Russian folk-song or the Russian popular 'classics'—which meant Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov, Mussorgsky (though with reservations), and Tchaikovsky. The mature Prokofiev was incapable of imitation or pastiche of any kind. He was absolutely without Stravinsky's strong historical sense, his feeling for 'style' and 'period'. Although a 'self-borrower' and arranger on a scale which outdid even Handel, he had none of the sophisticated musician's interest in recomposing other men's music or in imitating any past style.

The lyrical vein, which had lain for the most part dormant in him hitherto and was now consciously developed, was genuinely popular and unmistakably 'national', as we can see from two works composed before he was thirty. The first of these was a setting for voice and piano of Hans Andersen's 'Ugly Duckling'. This was written in 1913, at the height of his ruthless and brilliant youth when he was generally supposed to be devoid of all 'humanity'. It was a favourite with

Gorky, who used to say that Prokofiev himself was the ugly duckling, pecked by critics and older musicians and spurned by the public but, in fact, a swan. Prokofiev's graphic music for the duckling's rearing, education, and first acquaintance with unhappiness vividly recalls Mussorgsky, with its brusque changes of rhythm and tempo and its folk-ish air, just as it clearly foreshadows the duck of *Peter and the Wolf*.

Popular Lyric Style

The other work in which we can find clear evidence of the simple, popular lyrical style that Prokofiev developed so assiduously during the last twenty years of his life is a collection of four piano pieces written in 1918 and bearing the significant title *Tales of an Old Grandmother*. This popular traditional lyrical style was developed by Prokofiev after his return to Russia in an enormous number of songs and small instrumental pieces. The success of his large works, too, with public and critics, seems to have been in exact proportion to their national and traditional lyrical content. In these works Prokofiev either silenced his sarcastic wit and his musicians' instinct to explore new fields or he skilfully discovered some external, dramatic reason for indulging them—as in the *Alexander Nevsky* cantata, where the enemies of Russia are depicted in music that would not, by itself, have won official approval.

On the other hand there were works in which the composer imposed less restraint on his imagination and showed that the old violent, bitter-tongued, mocking Prokofiev was by no means dead: these included the sixth symphony, the first cello concerto in its original form, and the seventh piano sonata. These were apparently unanimously declared 'negative' and regarded as unfortunate lapses into the bad habits acquired during the years of expatriation and Western contamination.

It would be false, I believe, to suppose that Prokofiev took refuge in some elaborate system of 'double think'—a kind of self-induced musical schizophrenia. The whole interest of his life was composition and he was fundamentally indifferent to doctrinaires of all kinds: the musical doctrinaires of the West and the politicians in Russia. He discovered, though, that he could satisfy the politicians without offending any deep conviction of his own and thereby win a position in which he could be sure of having all his works performed and at the same time raise the level of Soviet music.

I should not expect Prokofiev to be remembered by the works, such as the *Scythian Suite* or *Chut*, in which he was competing with Stravinsky or, on the other hand, by *War and Peace* or *Semyon Kotko*, in which he was merely doing more successfully what other Soviet composers were also doing—composing to a formula accepted for other than musical reasons. *The Love of Three Oranges* and *The Flaming Angel*, and possibly *The Betrothal in the Monastery*, are, on the other hand, unique both in conception and execution. As a symphonist Prokofiev showed a characteristically Russian inclination to write 'symphonic suites' rather than symphonies, originally conceived as such; and he is more likely to be remembered by his concertos, a form far better suited to his extrovert temperament, while the nine sonatas and more than 120 pieces that he wrote for the piano form, with the piano concertos, constitute a body of keyboard music unique in the twentieth century.

A Hopeful Example

There is a considerable amount of repetition in his music: rhythmic figures, harmonic progressions and melodic shapes recur from work to work with only slight variation. But at his best his music has a character unmistakably its own. In judging the man and his work many people have been inclined to use criteria which do not apply to his psychological and aesthetic type, quarrelling (as it were) with a Siberian crab-apple for not producing peaches. Prokofiev remains one of the first half-dozen composers of the twentieth century although unique of his type in our age—and his example has been hopeful, for until Benjamin Britten he was alone in demonstrating that the gap between the consciously 'contemporary' composer and the general public is not unbridgeable.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

When Scholars Are Deceived

FRANCIS HASKELL on forgeries in art and antiques

THE discovery of a good, deliberate forgery, even while arousing admiration for its skill, teases and irritates the ordinary art lover as well as the swindled collector and the humiliated expert. So many awkward questions are raised—and if possible have to be evaded. Why was 'The Disciples at Emmaus' great ('his crowning achievement') when it was a Vermeer and feeble when it was found to be a Van Meegeren? Do we, in fact, love art for the wrong reasons?

A play, a book, and an exhibition are all at the moment trying to explore these and other problems. The play (*Masterpiece*) will be of no help to anyone. Wholly trite and unimaginative, it does little more than jeer at the scholars, often corrupt or stupid, and scarcely raises, still less seriously discusses, the interesting questions. The book* provides a good and readable survey with illustrations of most of the best cases and can profitably be read before a visit to the excellent exhibition at the British Museum. Here, where we can actually see a Van Meegeren forgery for ourselves, we can really come to grips with the problems. For one of the intriguing aspects of this show is to see how comparatively few of the forgeries actually take us in, especially when we are confronted with the original works that are so often placed next to them. Now this is clearly being wise after the event, and though wisdom at any time should not be despised, it does not help us to say whether or not we are still being deceived by celebrated works which may be in other parts of the Museum. What the exhibition does show again and again is the way in which the best forgeries can provide what we want to find in a work of literature or art, though we are not always able to do so. 'Shakespeare's' own copy of Montaigne would always be welcome, but the 'Donation of Constantine' would obviously find no acceptance today. We can see a more sophisticated aspect of this in the 'Spanish forger's' sentimental treatment of medieval art. This looks wholly unreal to us because we no longer think of the Middle Ages in the way that he and his contemporaries did. And thus we see confirmed the truism that the best forgeries last only for a generation, because they are barely perceptible caricatures of what that generation expects and hopes to find.

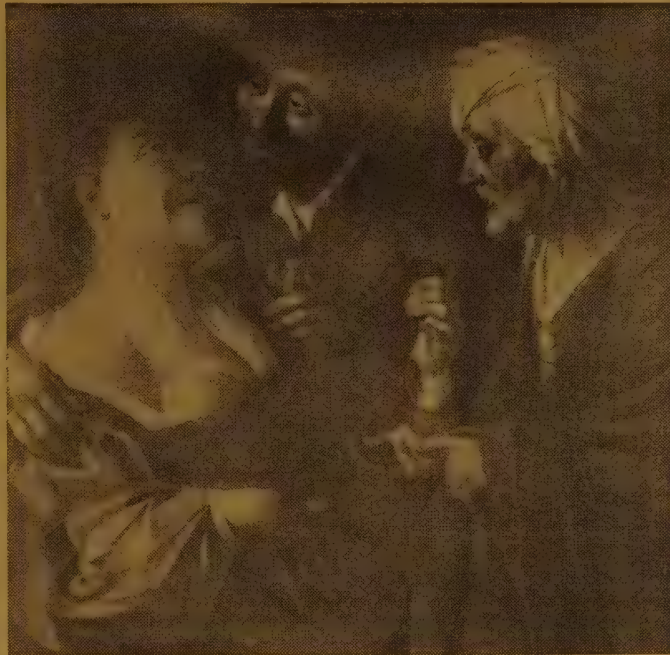
Van Meegeren's forgeries provide the most striking examples of this in our own day. It is common for people to look at the photograph of 'The Disciples at Emmaus' and then, with the great National Gallery pictures in mind, exclaim that there is no resemblance whatsoever and that they would not have been taken in. But that was the whole point of that (now) grotesque picture. Just as so much nineteenth-century art appreciation turned on romantic interpretation, so a great deal of ours is based on scholarship—scholarship, incidentally, that has enormously widened our tastes. Van Meegeren painted a missing link—not a Vermeer seriously like any existing picture by him, but one of a kind that we know he must have painted to become what he later did. An

artist's fully matured style never springs unheralded into the world, and Van Meegeren had the brilliant idea of forging a scholar's Vermeer. No wonder so many (not all) scholars were taken in—but in the general gloating Dr. Bredius, the greatest victim, at least deserves to have his actual words quoted: '*quite different from all his other paintings* and yet every inch a Vermeer'. In fact Van Meegeren's forgeries were in effect wholly unlike the Piltdown man which, I understand, gave a wrong direction to research. It remains true that Vermeer probably painted pictures in the Northern Caravaggists' style before his more familiar masterpieces, though we must assume that they would not have been as unattractive as Van Meegeren's version.

And this leads to the crucial question: Why do our values change when we find out about a forgery? Partly the answer is very simple. We actually *do* see a different picture, because the romantic or scholarly associations that we bring to it vanish and hence the scales fall from our eyes. Thus the Etruscan sarcophagus in the British Museum exhibition seemed to me to be facile and undignified—though I have no doubt whatsoever that I would once have acclaimed it as a masterpiece. Knowledge and vision can no more be separated in the spectator than they can in the artist. But partly the answer is more difficult and we are reluctant to concede it. Our current critical views—characteristic of an age of abstract art and museums—are based on the ideal of pure aesthetic appreciation: a picture

should be admired only for its intrinsic visual qualities. This may be desirable, but it is not the way in which most of us do react. For most people art once had overtly and still has, suppressed, the quality of a religious relic. When modern collecting began in the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance, reverence slid easily into artistic admiration and no one tried to draw a boundary between them. Antiquities were both beautiful and sacred for their associations. This reverence for the great or even the past—this appreciation of the 'magic' of association—can certainly lead to pure snobbery, as we see in the ridiculous prices sometimes paid for scribbles attributed to great names. But it is not wholly contemptible and it exists in most of us. Gazing at a picture by Vermeer some of our pleasure comes from thinking that this particular great man actually touched the canvas.

I have heard this relationship with a great artist described as being similar to that between patient and psycho-analyst. In the relaxed situation so induced, love, appreciation and understanding can actually be helped. When we find that Vermeer did not put on the paint the magic goes—and with it some of our enjoyment, even if the scales do not at once fall from our eyes and we see that he could never have done so. If we can manage to accept the associative emotions aroused by art as part of the aesthetic reaction itself instead of guiltily repressing them we need not be so disturbed by the moral problems raised by unmasked forgery—and we will have an answer ready for the philistines.



'The Procureess', a forgery made about 1940 by Hans van Meegeren, after a painting by the seventeenth-century Caravaggesque Dutch master Dirck van Baburen. This painting had long been of particular interest because in two late pictures by Vermeer it is represented as hanging on the walls of a room

Included in the exhibition of forgeries at the British Museum

The Greeks

Greek Tragedy

By HUGH LLOYD-JONES



Large bronze tragedy mask found at Piraeus

GREEK tragedy is a form of drama with laws of its own, different from those of any other kind of drama, including those which its influence has helped to shape. We can see that these laws must have been conditioned by the peculiar circumstances of its origin, obscure though that origin unfortunately is. During the seventh and sixth centuries there developed in the Peloponnese a great tradition of lyric poetry written for performance by a chorus. Such performances spread to Attica, so that by the middle of the sixth century the Athenian festival held late in March to honour the god Dionysus came to include a performance of choral lyric. Meanwhile, on the coast of Asia Minor and in the islands of the Aegean, other verse forms developed which were closer to the rhythms and language of ordinary speech. In about 534 B.C. an Athenian named Thespis thought of adding to the choral lyric performances a prologue and set speeches written in these more colloquial verse forms. They were delivered by a person called *hypokrites*, the 'answerer'; and this was to become the regular Greek word for actor.

These performances were developed into something which could properly be called drama, by the great poet Aeschylus, who lived from about 525 to 456. He was the first to use two actors, either of whom might play several parts: a third actor was added in about the sixties of the fifth century. It became the practice for an officer of the Athenian state to choose each year three poets to compete for the tragic prizes at the Dionysiac festival. Each poet trained a chorus and actors, his expenses being paid by some rich citizen; each was required to exhibit a group of three tragedies, together with the satyr play, a shorter entertainment that contained a strong element of burlesque. Performances took place in the open air, in the theatre of Dionysus, which stands on a slope of the Athenian Acropolis, inside the precinct of the god.

In most tragedies the chorus delivered four or five lyrics of some length, sung and danced to the accompaniment of the poet's own music. Choral lyric might express bitter lamentation or wild rejoicing; in general, it supplied a kind of commentary on the action from a more exalted level than that of the actors, deeply though the sympathies of the chorus might be involved with theirs. Dialogue was sometimes of an extremely artificial kind, with each character speaking one line at a time in alternation; but there were also conversations between actors who made longer speeches, and sometimes debates or altercations that included speeches of some seventy lines each. Towards the end of a play, off-stage action might be reported by a messenger; and the messengers' speeches, like the debates and altercations, gave splendid opportunities for the displays of rhetoric which a Greek audience seems to have enjoyed as much as anything. The Greek poets seldom ended their plays upon a note of climax. They liked to bring their audience gently down from the highest pitch of emotional intensity, and tragic events are often followed by a scene of lamentation and then a quiet close.

A tragedy presented almost always an episode taken from the large body of heroic legend which the Greeks had inherited from their epic age; its characters are the gods and the heroes descended

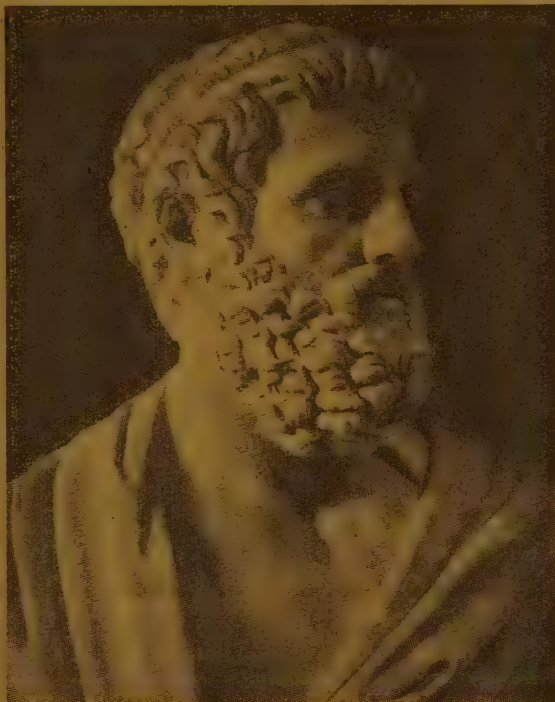
from the gods. This world is as like that of Homer as the tragedians knew how to make it. But under the persisting influence of the romantic movement, modern interpretation has tended to play down this affinity with the ancient epic. It has preferred to exaggerate the closeness of tragedy's relations to its contemporary world. Rightly perceiving the importance of the moral and religious ideas which tragedy expresses, it has gone wrong by trying to make these out more complicated, more 'original', and more 'advanced'—that is, more like our own—than the facts give us any warrant to suppose.

Tragedy formed part of a festival in honour of a god. Each story from heroic saga is so told as to illuminate the relation of man to the gods and to the universe. The heroes are descended from gods, and gods may have their favourites among them; but it is the gods' own concerns, not those of men, that are uppermost in their minds. To their favourites they will give help; but those who anger them by refusing them honour they will ruthlessly destroy. Over gods and men alike is Zeus, whose will is inscrutable but will always be accomplished; a stern and arbitrary ruler, but one whom mankind in general has reason to thank for maintaining in the government of the universe his own harsh justice. The man who wrongs another must be done to as he did; the foolish man, who fails to see that this is Zeus's law, will learn by bitter experience, he or his children after him. Wisdom for men consists in knowing their place, in remembering their insignificance in face of the immortal gods. The men we see in action

are the great heroes of the epic world, occupied in the pursuit of glory by their valiant deeds against foreign enemies, robbers or legendary monsters. The heroes are men favoured by the gods; yet even a hero may draw down on himself, in his pride, the anger of a god, perhaps of Zeus himself, and then the god destroys him.

Such is the tragic world of Aeschylus; such is that of the second great tragedian, Sophocles, whose long life almost spanned the fifth century. When we come to Sophocles' younger contemporary, Euripides, the gods seem to have become more remote; the agents of tragic catastrophe seem to be no longer the gods, but men's own ungovernable passions. But Euripides too saw man as a being at the mercy of arbitrary forces which he was powerless to control; and he is far closer to the thought of his contemporaries than to that of the modern interpreters who have seen in his works the reflection of their own liberal or humanitarian ideas.

A tragedy by Racine has a well-defined beginning, middle, and end; a single uninterrupted movement, gathering speed as the action proceeds, carries us towards the climax. Only a few Greek tragedies have this character. These are the ones which Aristotle emphasized when he made the first critical analysis of tragedy; but such well-integrated plots were rare. One cannot imagine a modern play which, like the *Persians* of Aeschylus, simply depicted how the Persian court received the news of the defeat at Salamis, nor one which, like the *Phoenician Women* of Euripides,



Head of Sophocles: from a statue in the Lateran Museum, Rome

compressed into a single drama the action of an entire epic.

The play I want to discuss is *The Women of Trachis*, by Sophocles, one that does not altogether conform to modern notions of what is dramatic. Further, the author's comment upon the action is implicitly, and not directly, stated. The play describes the events that led to the death of Heracles, the bravest among the heroes of Greece and the greatest benefactor of mankind. His mother was Alcmena, wife of the hero Amphitryon; but his real father was not Amphitryon, but Zeus himself. Against all manner of robbers, giants, and monsters, as well as human enemies, his mighty strength brought him victory. The jealousy of Zeus's consort, Hera, put him in the power of an envious king, who imposed on him a series of twelve gigantic and apparently impossible labours, which he discharged with triumph. After his death, according to the general belief, he became a god, and long before the production of this play he had been worshipped over the whole Greek-speaking world.

When the play begins, Heracles' family home is in Trachis, to the east of central Greece; the chorus consists of young women of this locality, who give the play its name. It is Deianeira, Heracles' wife, who speaks the prologue, which at once establishes its speaker's character and strikes the keynote of the action that is to follow (the translation is by Michael Jameson).

DEIANEIRA: It was long ago that someone first said:
You cannot know a man's life before the man
has died, then only can you call it good or bad.
But I know mine before I've come to Death's house
and I can tell that mine is heavy and sorrowful. . . .

Chosen partner for the bed of Heracles,
I nurse fear after fear, always worrying
over him. I have a constant relay of troubles;
some each night dispels—each night brings others
on.

We have had children now, whom he sees at times,
like a farmer working an outlying field,
who sees it only when he sows and when he reaps.
This has been his life, that only brings him home
to send him out again, to serve some man or other.
Now he wins through to the end of all his labours,
and now I find that I am more than ever afraid. . . .

. . . But no one seems to know
where Heracles himself can be. I only know
he's gone and left with me a sharp pain for him.
I am almost sure that he is in some trouble.
It has not been a short time—first a year,
by now still more, and there has been no word
of him.

Deianeira is now desperately anxious; and on the advice of her old nurse she sends her son Hyllus in search of his father. Suddenly one of the servants of the house appears; he brings great news. Heracles has slain King Eurystus and sacked his city of Oechalia, and is even now on his way home in triumph, laden with spoils. His envoy, Lichas, has been sent ahead to convey back the prisoners and to bring the news. The Chorus sings a short song of rejoicing, and Lichas enters, escorting a party of captured women. But Deianeira's ser-

vant betrays to her that Iole, the daughter of Eurystus, is among the prisoners; and that it is to ravish her from her unwilling father that Heracles has sacked Oechalia and put its defenders to the sword. Deianeira implores Lichas to admit all.

DEIANEIRA: By Zeus who flashes lightning over the topmost glen
of Oeta, do not cheat me of the truth! Speak,
and you will find that I am not a spiteful woman
nor one who does not know how it is with man—
we cannot always enjoy a constant happiness. . . .
You see that I would be altogether mad
to blame my husband, because he suffers from this
sickness,
or that woman. . . .
She has done no harm to me. . . .
The only thing that could hurt would be not to
know . . .
Heracles has had other women before.
Never yet has one of them earned insults
from me, or spiteful talk, nor will *she*, even
if she is utterly absorbed in her passion . . .

LICHAS: Well, dear mistress, I realize that you are not
unreasonable. You see things as we mortals must.
So I shall tell you the whole truth. . . . A terrible
longing
ran through Heracles—and it was for this girl.
Because of her, Oechalia, the land of her fathers,
was overthrown by his spear with great destruction.
None of this did he tell me to hide, I must say
in fairness to him; none of this did he ever deny.
I myself, O my mistress, was fearful lest I
should cause pain in your breast by these words
of mine. . . .
But since, as it turns out, you know the whole story,
for your own sake as much as for his, be kind
to the woman and show that the words you spoke
to her
before you knew were said in all sincerity.

DEIANEIRA: Those are my feelings too, and so too shall I act.
You may be sure I shall not choose to add to my
afflictions hopeless resistance to the Gods.

But in spite of her promises, Deianeira cannot bear the thought of sharing her husband with a younger and more beautiful rival; and she has a potion that may help her to regain him. When she left home with Heracles after their wedding, they had to cross a mountain torrent; as ferryman they employed Nessus, one of the mythical monsters called Centaurs, half man and half horse. Nessus took Deianeira first, and in midstream laid

wanton hands on her; in a moment he had in his chest one of Heracles' poisoned arrows. Dying, Nessus told Deianeira to take the clotted blood from about his wound and keep it as a philtre she might use on Heracles, one that would make him never again love any other woman. She did so; and she has now anointed with the stuff a splendid robe which she gives to Lichas as a present to his master.

After a while, she becomes a prey to second thoughts. She remembers that Nessus had no cause to do her kindness, and



The theatre of Dionysus on a slope of the Acropolis at Athens

J. Allan Cash

she anticipates the worst. Now her son Hyllus bursts on to the stage.

HYLLUS: Mother! I wish I could have found you not as you are but no longer alive, or safe but someone else's mother, or somehow changed and with a better heart than now. Three ways—Oh, for any one of them!

DEIANEIRA: My son, what has happened that I should be so hateful?

HYLLUS: What has happened? Your husband, my father—do you hear me?—you have killed him.

DEIANEIRA: No, no, my child! What have you blurted out?

HYLLUS: Only what cannot fail to be. Once a thing is seen, who can cause it never to have been?

He tells how, as soon as Heracles put on the robe it clung to his body, causing the acutest agony. In appalling pain and rage, Heracles seized Lichas and hurled him over the mountain side into the sea; then he told Hyllus to convey him home, where he will presently arrive. Hyllus ends his speech with terrible words against his mother. She makes no attempt to defend herself, but leaves the stage silently, to kill herself in her chamber.

The dying Heracles enters, born on a litter and attended by Hyllus and a doctor.

HERACLES: O Zeus,
what land have I come to? Among what men
do I lie worn out by these
unceasing pains? . . .

O altar steps of Cenaeum, is this
all the thanks you win me for all
the sacrifice I made on you?
O Zeus! Torture, torture is all
you give me! . . .
Is there any singer of spells,
any craftsman surgeon who can
exorcise this curse, but Zeus? . . .

My son, my son! where are you? Help me, here,
here, lift me up. Oh! Oh! My fate! . . .

O Pallas! It is torturing me again. O my son,
pity me who begot you, draw the sword—no one
will blame you—strike me in the breast, heal the
pain
with which your godless mother has made me rage.
Oh to see her fallen, felled by this death she
deals me! . . .

Neither the spear of battle, nor the army of
the earth-born Giants, nor the violence of beasts,
nor Greece, nor any place of barbarous tongue,
not all
the lands I came to purify could ever do this.
A woman, a female, in no way like a man,
She alone without even a sword has brought me
down.

O my son, now truly be my true-born son
and do not pay more respect to the name of mother.
Bring her from the house with your own hands
and put
her in my hands, that woman who bore you, that
I may know
clearly whether it pains you more to see *my* body
mutilated or *hers* when it is justly tortured.
Come, my child, dare to do this. . . .
Oh, oh, the pain!

HYLLUS: Father, . . .
let me have silence while I speak, . . .

HERACLES: Say what you want. . . .
I can make no sense at all of your riddles.

HYLLUS: It is about my mother that I come to speak,
about her present state and her unwilling error.

HERACLES: Damn you! How dare you speak of her again, the
mother
Who is a father's murderer—and in my hearing? . . .

HYLLUS: I shall speak. She is dead. She has just been killed.

HERACLES: By whom? I cannot believe it. It is too bitter news.

HYLLUS: She is dead by her own hand and by no other.

HERACLES: Ah! She's dead too soon. She should have died
by mine.

HYLLUS: Even your fury would turn aside if you knew all.

HERACLES: A strange beginning, but go on—what do you
mean?

HYLLUS: In all that she did wrong she had intended good.

HERACLES: Good? Does she do good when she kills your
father?

HYLLUS: It was a charm for love she wanted to put on you
that failed—when she saw that marriage in her
house.

HERACLES: Who in Trachis knows such deadly drugs as this?

HYLLUS: Nessus the centaur long ago persuaded her
to excite your desire with this fatal charm.

HERACLES: Woe, woe is me! This is my miserable end.
Lost! I am lost! I see the light no longer.
Ah! Now I know the doom that is upon me.

Heracles realizes that all is over. Long ago his father Zeus has warned him that he will meet his death 'at the hands of one already dead'; and now the prophecy is fulfilled. Not one word more does he say about Deianeira; now that he knows he is to die, he has more important things to think of. First he makes Hyllus promise to place him on a huge funeral pyre; which he is to set alight; and then Hyllus is to marry Iole; she who has lain in Heracles' arms shall never become the bride of any but his son. Hyllus is horrified by both demands, but in the end he has to give his promise. Hyllus now orders the bearers to take up the litter, and they leave the stage. All that has happened, say the Chorus in their final words, has been the will of Zeus.

Has the poet given us any insight into Zeus's purpose? Some scholars have failed to find any, for the poet's comment on the action is not directly given; but in the light of our general picture of Sophocles' world it should be clear enough. Zeus has indeed brought about Heracles' end, and so has given men one more reminder of his inexorable law of justice. Heracles in his dealings with Eurytus and his family has violated that law, a thing not even he can do and go unpunished. To Hyllus all seems unrelieved disaster; only the members of the audience may remind themselves that, according to the familiar legend, the great hero is to be carried off by Zeus at the moment of death, to join the gods on Olympus.

Most modern critics have found 'the action of the play disjointed, and the beauty of the play about Deianeira tarnished by the incomprehensible appendix about Heracles'. Even by modern standards, I find more unity in the play than this remark suggests. Deianeira is indeed beautiful, but she is incidental; the subject of the play is the death of the great hero, and his appearance is the climax of its whole action. His callousness to his wife is not ignored by the poet; nor, in a sense, does it go unpunished, for it is bound up with the injustice towards the house of Eurytus which costs Heracles his life. Must we then consider Heracles as an unfeeling brute? How does an ancient poet, writing in the Homeric tradition, conceive the hero who wrestled with the Nemean lion, slew the hundred-headed Hydra, brought up Cerberus from Hades, and held the sky upon his shoulders? Not as a gentle and chivalrous knight, but as a man of passionate appetites and violent temper; that is the uniform tradition of antiquity. Such a character accords well with the actions attributed to Heracles, actions which were held to have conferred immense benefits on the human race. Heroes, in the opinion of the ancients, were not to be judged by the standards that are applied to common humanity. Without their heroism, common humanity could not survive; yet the ancients did not expect that the ordinary man would find them comfortable company.—*From a talk in Network Three*

A second and revised edition of Sir Maurice Bowra's *Greek Lyric Poetry, From Alcman to Simonides* (Oxford, 42s.) is published today.

Emil Brunner on his Faith and Work

A television interview with VERNON SPROXTON

Vernon Sproxton: Professor Brunner, how do you come to know England and the English so well?

Emil Brunner: After my studies I had the idea that I wanted to see England, and I had no money: I became a French teacher in England, and at the same time I learned English.

Sproxton: Tell me about the differences between you and Karl Barth.*

Brunner: At first we were—at least for the English-speaking world—almost identical twins: I being the mouthpiece of English-speaking dialectical theology. Then came our break in 1934 when I wrote *Nature and Grace* and Karl Barth wrote his terrible book *Nein—An Answer to Emil Brunner*. But, as I had prophesied, when Karl Barth began to study the problem of creation and of man, he took back every one of his anathemas. I thought that now there would be peace, and when I went to Japan I said so. But then war broke out again, and this time I was the attacking side because I could not understand Karl Barth's attitude towards communism. While for me communism is anti-Christ, to him it is just a debatable structure of society. I think this difference in political outlook could be explained from our respective theologies.

Sproxton: Could you say why you think that communism is the anti-Christ?

Brunner: It is a system based not on real happenings but on atheism; and it is a system of de-humanization—of dehumanizing man. As soon as communism becomes victorious, no Church exists any more, no Bible exists, no preaching, nothing Christian, nothing religious, nothing human.

Sproxton: Do you think the Bible has become intelligible to industrial man?

Brunner: The Bible indeed has become more understandable to us contemporaries through critical theology. As for the modern man, if he has still kept the distinction between scientific abstraction and the world of human relations and persons, then I would say, yes indeed, it is the same for him as for all the ages. But if scientific seeking has gone so far that modern man can no longer understand this fundamental distinction, then I should say he cannot hear the word of God any more.

Sproxton: Can the theologian speak more authoritatively now than he could, say, thirty years ago?

Brunner: Decidedly yes, just because theology has taken away the barriers which separated faith from science. And it is especially dialectical theology which has removed that barrier in claiming that there *is* no barrier, but that there are just two levels of life: the level of abstraction and science, and that of personality and human relations. If people understand this fundamental distinction, they will not have any difficulty with science.

Sproxton: What are the things in the Church that you deplore most at the present moment?

Brunner: I can say with one word what is the scandal within the Church, and that is the *churchiness* of the Church: being institution-minded, and having no real brotherhood spirit, and being aloof from the everyday life of real man.

Sproxton: What is your concept of the Church, as a small group of people?

Brunner: There is a clearly defined concept of the *ecclesia* in the New Testament; it has nothing to do with an institution but is the brotherhood of those who believe in Christ.

Sproxton: Looking at recent Church history, what are the most significant movements you have noticed?

Brunner: I should like to point to one of them, which is called in Europe evangelical academies—some Christian people have taken the initiative of creating houses for meetings between occupational groups, such as doctors and working men, or jurists and educationists, and discussing with them their life problems from the point of the Gospel. Many of those who have no relation to the Church at all have become interested in it, and even started reading the Bible.

Sproxton: Would you say, then, that the training of a lay apostolate is one of the most important problems the Church must face?

Brunner: Yes. The problem of laymen, *active* in the Church, is the most important problem of the Church now.

Sproxton: What do you think, for instance, of the worker-priests?

Brunner: Here is just one of the pieces of the more general movement towards

brotherhood and action in the Church. You have a good example of what I mean in your Iona Community, and we have an example in our Bad Boll institution.

Sproxton: You think that this will bring the Church nearer to the workers?

Brunner: I don't only think so, but it is a fact.

Sproxton: Do you think it is a fact that by and large the workers are out of touch with the churches, everywhere?

Brunner: I think so. That is the main trouble with the Church, and the reason is that the Church has always preached, and neglected its personal contacts.

Sproxton: In terms of the Christian hope, what do you yourself look forward to?

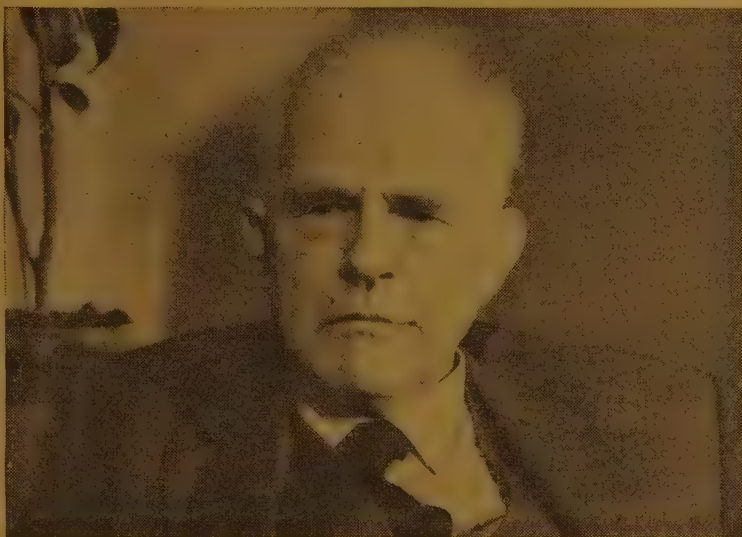
Brunner: I have a very gloomy prospect personally, but I still have hope that if Christianity awakes to its original truth, or genuine faith, then there is hope; it is the hope in Christ Himself. But as long as this nihilistic tendency in the West goes on, there is no hope at all.

Sproxton: Is there any chance in the next fifty years that materialism will get less?

Brunner: Yes, there are signs of hope in literature I should say. The novelist in our time has taken the function of the preacher in other times. I like the writing of T. S. Eliot—I don't understand everything he has written—and of Graham Greene. They are Christians, of course. We also have Christian novelists in German: Bergengrün and Scharper. I would say that if the trend towards nihilism is not stopped by Christianity in the near future we will be ripe for communist totalitarianism.

Sproxton: Who do you think is our greatest British theologian of recent times?

Brunner: I am perhaps correct in saying that British theology



Dr. Brunner, the Swiss theologian and Professor Emeritus of Zürich University, during his television interview on February 8

has mostly been in the field of Biblical research, which is not my field. In that field I think that C. H. Dodd has made a specially great contribution. As for my field, systematic theology, I would mention a man who died about forty years ago, P. T. Forsyth. I would like to mention two other contemporary theologians of Great Britain: the two Baillies, John and Donald.

Sproxton: Professor Brunner, you have written many books: for which have you the greatest preference yourself?

Brunner: The book which is just coming off the presses—the third volume of my *Dogmatik*. I have worked about six years on that book. Of my previous books I would give preference to *Der Mensch in Widerspruch*. This was my main contribution to theology, that the idea of man, as the Bible speaks of man, is a *personalistic* conception: the I/thou relation, the I/thou as distinct from the I/it relation. The book which gave me most pleasure is my modest and very small *Our Faith*. It is translated into almost twenty languages, seven of them Asian. When I was in Japan the bell-boy of the hotel came to me and asked: 'Are you really Mr. Brunner? Did you write that book *Our Faith*?' 'Yes, indeed', I said. 'Well, I have become a Christian through reading that book'. And he was beaming all over his face. I have

many testimonies to the same effect. This is a missionary book which has done its job.

Sproxton: Dr. Brunner, what do you like in music and the arts?

Brunner: Whenever I go to London my first visit is always to the National Gallery or the Wallace Collection. My favourite painter is Rembrandt. I admire, but I hate with all my heart, El Greco. I am much moved by the frescos of Fra Angelico in Florence, San Marco, and by the frescos of Giotto in Padua. In music I don't think there exists anything as grand in the world as Bach's A Minor Mass, and nothing as heavenly beautiful as Bach's double concerto for violin. I have no relation to modern painting whatever, if you call modern the abstract. I think it is a deviation which just is interesting as an expression of our nihilistic age.

Sproxton: Professor Brunner, if you were to have a last word to say to the Church people in England, what would it be?

Brunner: If things get bad, we Christians are not terrified by what happens, because we have Jesus Christ, and in Him we have the hope for us and for the whole world.

—From 'Viewpoint'

'Because One Does, Old Boy'

RUSSELL BRADDON gives an Australian's impressions of the British

HOWEVER crazy you may think this phrase, 'Because one does, old boy', it is a very important one. To outsiders like myself, in fact, it seems to represent at least half of the unwritten law of Britain. Certainly it is the inevitable gentleman's answer to any question about English habits which is otherwise inexplicable.

Why, the puzzled Colonial like myself asks, leave the bottom waistcoat button undone? And the answer is: 'Because one does, old boy'. And so to other inexplicable mysteries like: Why pass the port to the left? Or eat crumpets only in the winter-time; protecting them in the summer like partridges? Or regard it as shocking bad form to shoot a fox rather than hunt it to death with dozens of hounds? Or put wreaths last month at the foot of King Charles's statue in Whitehall? After all, he did die some time ago. But inevitably the answer is: 'Because one does, old boy'.

At first meeting, this explanation, to Australians, sounds rather alien. It seems so rigidly conformist, when we are by nature rebels; it seems so law-abiding, when we really do not like laws of any kind—unless they happen to be the social rules we have made up for ourselves. But, in fact, one soon learns that these things that you do simply 'because one does' are not conformist at all. On the contrary, often they are frankly hostile towards the statutory law: not openly illegal; just a little hostile towards the law—like your attitude towards income tax.

Jay-walking is another good example. The British pedestrian

will obediently form an impeccable and tireless queue as he waits for his bus. But just confront him with a red light, or a traffic sign that says 'Wait' when he wants to cross the road, and instantly he goes berserk and plunges off the kerb and wades into the seething traffic. And that traffic itself is another splendid case of the Englishman's superb disregard for the law. At peak hour in English cities English drivers mount the pavement, overtake on the wrong side, and weave in and out like lunatic dancers in a ballet: all of it in flat but accepted defiance of at least half the clauses in the Traffic Code.

Talking of defiance, what could be more English or more typical of the doctrine of one-does-ery than the conduct of the late A. E. Matthews? 'Matty', disapproving the lamp-posts the council wanted to erect outside his house, betook himself with a chair and a rug, at the age of eighty-six—or was it ninety-six or 106?—and sat over the council's hole in the road for days on end so that the council could not erect their loathsome posts.

In all of these phenomena—jay-walking, slap-happy traffic, dotty eccentrics, whose existence today an Englishman would explain away simply by saying 'Well, one does, old boy', one can see clear traces of older forms of one-does-ery: of Elizabethan privateers, of the eighteenth-century smugglers, of generations of irregular soldiers whose outrageous courage was last seen witnessed by us in the hair-raising deeds of commandos and resistance agents. And when we Australians realize all this, we also realize and understand that the apparently 'bolshie'



Service of remembrance for King Charles I in Whitehall on January 30

attitude of us Australians towards all forms of constituted authority is not really bolshie at all; it is, in fact, wholly English. It is merely a logical extension of the principles of one-does-ery. And that, to us at least, is a comforting thought.

Having identified ourselves with you even in that part of your life that had at first seemed most alien to us, then, suddenly, and for the first time validly perhaps, we Australians can also begin to regret that our sense of sturdy independence—which we derived from you—now seems alien to you. So alien that you even dismiss it as not being sturdiness at all—as not being any part of your one-does-ery at all—but rather as being simply curtness, brashness, or rudeness.

Well, if you want to think that, think it; after all, in some ways it is true enough. But equally something else is true: and that something else is a thing you might not confess to as freely as I do to Australia's curtness, brashness, and rudeness. That something else is the lamentable fact that today Englishmen have sacrificed much of their past and splendid defiance, and they have sacrificed it to an idol of the Welfare State, and on this idol are engraved the wholly un-English words: 'The Government knows best and will tell you what to do; and what it has not time to tell you, the municipal council and the trade unions will tell you'. And this, mark you, in exactly the same Britain that King Philip II of Spain could not tell; that Emperor Napoleon could not tell; that Bismarck, that Mother Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm could not tell; that Führer Adolf Hitler himself could not tell. For almost 900 years since 1066 no one could tell you what to do: now it seems, at last, you can be told.

This is something too close to the truth to ignore. If it is not true, how explain away the incredible case of that Englishwoman the other night who, being interviewed on television about the fungus that had been on the walls of her council flat for nearly three years, said she had never tried to remove it, or to prevent its growth, simply because 'this was the council's job'? Here, devastatingly, is the exact opposite of everything that was the superb Englishness of 'Matty' on the subject of lamp-posts. Just as, three years ago, I received a letter from a committee of British migrants in Australia which was the exact opposite of all the Englishness which we Australians have inherited from you. This letter asked my help as a propagandist because these poor oppressed British migrants in a hostel in Melbourne found that the grounds surrounding their hostel were a quagmire of mud, that all the communal lavatories were fouled, and that there were not any crèches available so that mothers could park their children for the day and take employment.

My reply to their letter will probably shock you. I told them pleasantly just to employ women to look after the kids so that those mothers who wished to work could; I told them to form week-end working bees and to drain the surrounding grounds; then to lay paths, plant lawns, and sow gardens; and finally I told them first to scrub their fouled communal lavatories and next to set up pickets until they trapped the guttersnipes who habitually fouled them, so that they might then give those guttersnipes such a hiding that they would never do it again. I told them, in short, to act like Australians, and to learn that Australians are not interested in leaving the blocked-up drains around their houses to the Ministry of Works, nor their lavatories to the Ministry of Lavatories, still less their kids to the Ministry of Passing-the-Buck. And I concluded by saying that if migrants still hankered for such ministerial care, then better they returned to the United

Kingdom than remain in the Commonwealth of Australia because there, thinking that way, they must become very unhappy.

These I know are harsh words to address to you, but, unfortunately, harsher words still are to come, because this post-war and un-British apathy is not confined to your domestic attitude in Britain itself: it extends also to the Commonwealth outside Great Britain. Towards this Commonwealth you people have become charitably indifferent; indifferent in the way that only people who are bored and kindly and ignorant of almost everything relating to that Commonwealth could be. I say to you bluntly that you take no pride in it. Or let me put it another way: if there is an Australian victory in the Davis Cup, this should excite you as a British victory; but it does not. In actual fact an Australian victory in the Davis Cup is only one degree less depressing to you than an American victory. Again from the

field of sport, did Murray Halberg's superb Olympic Games triumph fill you with pride because this was a fellow Briton? It did not. You were pleased with him only because, if someone from here could not win, then it was nice that a man with a withered arm did.

But sport is not everything—not even in Britain. Politics matter, too. As we are speaking politically, look at South Africa, who today seeks to embrace *apartheid* as a policy. This is a policy as revolting to you as your Welfare State-ism is to Australia. And yet at once many of you forgot the large numbers of Britons in South Africa, not to mention the priceless concept of the Commonwealth itself, and you said: 'Banish South Africa

and South Africans, all of them forever'. No one detests *apartheid* more than I do, but I grant you no virtue in your attitude towards tiny South Africa because I know only too well how silent you remain on the subject of massive America's equal, and more vicious, sin of racial discrimination in the deep South. But this is a negative argument; let us look at other things.

Let us look at Prime Ministers Diefenbaker and Menzies, both speaking fine, glowing words of hope and confidence in our future as a group of British nations; but by their words you are unmoved: Canada and Australia, you feel, are so far away. Let me assure you this is not so. From my country towards yours, in fact, there comes a vast stream of loyalty and affection; and about this stream we have only one regret: that it is a one-way stream, and that from you towards us it simply does not return. This is not to say that you are hostile towards us, nor disloyal to us, but simply that your once-flourishing spirit of one-does-ery has withered and been replaced by the policy of 'Let's see what we're told to think'. Which is a great pity, because nowadays no one ever tells you anything in this country except in words so rottenly chosen and so ill-expressed that you instantly forget what it was he said.

This brings me to the last and most grievous blow struck at the fine, defiant old spirit of one-does. For centuries that spirit has bred men and women who spoke beautiful English: who gave expression for all Britons to the British genius for daring and inventiveness; it bred, in short, men and women who could inspire. And lamentably, since Sir Winston Churchill relinquished office, not one word has been uttered in Westminster that could inspire even schoolchildren at their annual prize-giving, let alone adult audiences in an adult Commonwealth; not one dynamic idea about Britain's role in contemporary life or about the Commonwealth's future has been voiced.

In this second Elizabethan age not one project of Elizabethan
(concluded on page 312)



The late A. E. Matthews during the vigil he kept outside his house to prevent the erection of a modern lamp-post

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 8-14

Wednesday, February 8

An Opposition motion of censure on the Government is defeated at the end of a debate on the proposed increases in National Health Service charges

The board of Odhams Press advises shareholders not to accept the *Daily Mirror* bid for control of the firm

Thursday, February 9

The Prime Minister announces the setting up of a new Royal Commission on the Press

The Soviet Union protests to France, following an attack by a French fighter aircraft on an airliner in which the Russian President was travelling to Morocco

President Kasavubu appoints a new provisional government in the Congo with Mr. Ileo as Prime Minister

Friday, February 10

Evidence which appears to support the theory that the universe was created in one large explosion and is slowly running down is put forward by a group of Cambridge astronomers led by Professor Martin Ryle

The Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary receive a deputation of delegates from the Northern Rhodesian conference

An announcement from the Katanga Government says that Mr. Lumumba has escaped from imprisonment

Saturday, February 11

After a meeting in Paris, the six Common Market countries say that they want closer links with Britain and other non-members of the six-nation community

Sunday, February 12

The Russians announce the launching of a space rocket designed to reach the area of the planet Venus in the second half of May

The East Germans refuse to allow a number of leading German protestants, including several bishops, to enter the east zone of Berlin for a church conference

Monday, February 13

A motion of censure on the Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons is pressed to a vote by the Opposition and is defeated

Death of Mr. Lumumba announced. United Nations troops in the Congo are put on the alert

The Greek Prime Minister and his Foreign Minister arrive in London for a three-day visit

Tuesday, February 14

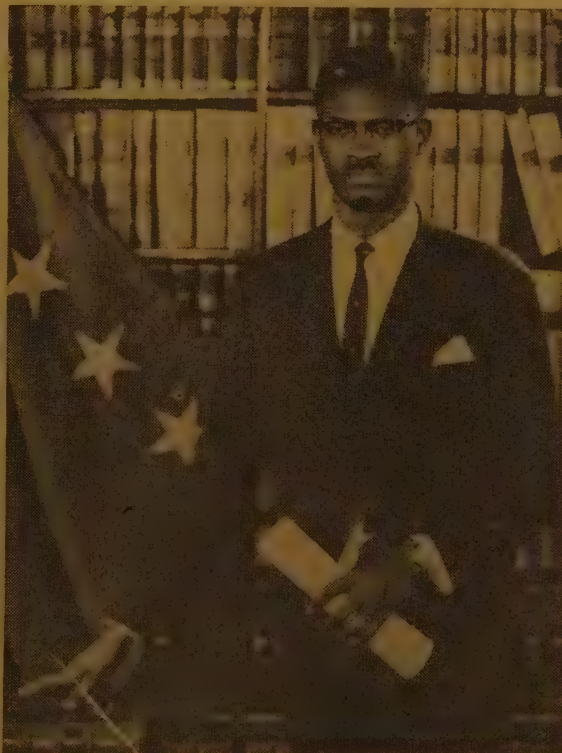
Britain, the United States and Canada declare their support for Mr. Hammarskjöld after the Soviet Union has demanded his dismissal from the office of U.N. Secretary-General and has asked that all U.N. troops should be withdrawn from the Congo within a month

A White Paper on Defence says that V-Bombers will be Britain's main contribution to Western defence for the next ten years

The Colonial Secretary puts Britain's plan for a new constitution for Northern Rhodesia to the London conference



The West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, seen with President de Gaulle of France at the Elysée Palace on February 9. Dr. Adenauer had flown to Paris for talks on international problems



Patrice Lumumba, leader of the Congo nationalist movement and first Prime Minister of the independent Congo, whose death was announced on February 13. Arrested last November on the orders of General Mobutu, the military leader, he was sent to Katanga on January 17, where he met his end. This is expected to have grave consequences both in Africa and internationally



Part of the radio telescope at the Mullard Observatory, used by Professor Martin Ryle and other astronomers for research, it was stated by Professor Ryle on February 10 that the origins of the universe



The Queen and Prince Philip continued their tour of Pakistan with a visit to Lahore. *Left:* the Queen walking through part of the Shalimar Gardens, where she attended a citizens' reception on February 11. *Above:* a camel dances to a traditional rhythm beaten out by tribal musicians during the horse and cattle show, which the Queen also visited on February 11

On February 14 the Queen and Prince Philip flew along the Himalayas and had a good view of Mount Everest



idge University, which is being arch into 'radio stars'. This yielded new evidence bearing on



Members of the Royal Ballet appearing in *Les Deux Pigeons*, the new ballet by Frederick Ashton which was performed for the first time at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on February 14



The Queen's flamingoes photographed at the London Zoo, where they have been spending the winter before returning to Buckingham Palace



Champion Riverina Tweedsbairn, an airedale terrier that was judged the best dog in this year's show at Cruft's

(concluded from page 309)

stature has been attempted and executed. Admittedly, we ushered in this era with the ascent of Everest: but from that sublime beginning we have descended today to what? To the ridiculous level of the Yeti's scalp. We began this era with the Commonwealth's fervent belief in the promises of the splendid Coronation: but today we see those promises forgotten in favour of parochial squabbles over Clause 4 and corporal punishment, and whether boxing should be banned, and why you now murder one another

more often and more nastily than you have ever done before. In short, we began with hopes that knew no horizons: and now we seem to hope no farther than the Chancellor's next Budget.

None of this has anything to do with the Britain that built the Empire and made of it a Commonwealth. Moreover, I, as an Australian, have every right to complain about this because this country belongs not only to you but also to us Australians. We Australians call this country 'home'. We look to it to do what it

has always done, which is to lead. I tell you frankly that we yearn for the assured and sonorous rhetoric of another Winston Churchill; that we long for another rash of lawless eccentrics like 'Matty'; and that we shall be glad when, confronted by the antics of such as 'Matty', or the grandeur of another Churchill, other Englishmen will explain away these antics, and that grandeur, with an arrogant conviction of their own flawless logic, simply by saying: 'Because one does, old boy'.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

Thinking about China

Sir,—The talks on China's economic and technological progress in the Third Programme have been extremely interesting. What has not been disclosed is how it is that the refugees in Hong Kong have been able to send food parcels to their relations in China and why these relations need them. Is not this a convincing but somewhat surprising demonstration of the superiority of the free-enterprise system?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

DIANA SPEARMAN

Industrial Management

Sir,—I am pleased that Mr. Henderson, Jnr., and Mr. Passant wrote and criticized my effort (THE LISTENER, February 2) as they did. I am sure their motives are right. I expect they are seeking the same ends as I am. We disagree on the method.

I should like to try to make clear however that I am not advocating autocracy as being a more desirable system than democracy. Nor do I advocate the converse. My contention is that both are techniques to be used to further man's social objectives in the material, spiritual and aesthetic fields. My claim is that we frequently make the mistake of seeking an extension of democracy as if it were an end in itself. Dignity and satisfaction and individual freedom are not solely due to democracy; they are often best preserved by authoritarian actions—the decision-taking process.

I certainly do claim that at least today industry needs to be authoritarian. This is in the interests of us all. Therefore the power that goes with this process needs checking. Trade unions are protective. They can best protect the individual by recognizing that industry needs to be authoritarian and carrying out their necessary function, i.e. representative one, and using their power—not to share the decision-making process, which is the managerial function, but by insisting that management is responsible.

A responsible teacher does not abuse his authority, the responsible parent does not abuse his authority, the responsible management does not abuse its authority.

The danger to the individual lies not in the fact that industry needs to be authoritarian but in the application of the responsibility that goes with the exercise of authority.

This I suggest is the task for the trade unions to perform. Insist on managements being respon-

sible, do not try to share authority. The individual is in more danger if the unions choose the latter.—Yours, etc.,

York

D. F. HUTCHISON

Tourism Unlimited

Sir,—I find that most of the criticisms of my article on tourism (THE LISTENER, January 26) have been answered by the correspondents who support my point of view, and Mr. Mishan in particular has very forcibly restated the inescapable dilemma. There is no solution for the problem in an 'affluent and democratic' society.

To add point to my article there comes to hand *The New Yorker* for January 14 with a double-page advertisement inserted by the National Tourist Organization of Greece. I cannot do justice to its typographical display, but these are the headlines:

'Visit Ancient Greece . . . where you find accommodations modern! Cultural monuments of antiquity . . . and new motor roads so you can drive to see them. Site of the oracle at Delphi . . . and comfortable coaches to take you there. Corinth, where the conquering Alexander met rebuke by the philosopher Diogenes . . . and an up-to-date power boat to cross the water to it. Sculpture ordered by Pericles in 437 B.C. to adorn the Parthenon . . . a stone's throw from a luxurious Athens hotel. *That is today's Greece* . . . all its ancient wonders now accessible in complete vacation comfort!'

The mention of Diogenes is particularly inappropriate. As we all know, he lived in a tub, and his rebuke to Alexander, himself somewhat a tourist of those times, was: 'Get out of my sunlight'.—Yours, etc.,

Stonegrave

HERBERT READ

The Greeks: The Growth of the 'Polis'

Sir,—Mr. Finley's statement (THE LISTENER, January 26) that we know of no one in ancient Greece who went so far as to deny the gods themselves is quite wrong. In fact Sophism took in its later development not only a sceptical position towards the literal sense of the myths, but was often frankly irreligious, questioning or denying the very existence of the gods.

Examples of Greek atheist philosophers are: Euhemeros, Diagoras of Melos, Prodikos of Keos and Theodoros Atheos (whose very name supports my point). Prodikos, for example, stated theories on the origin of religion that leave no doubt about his ideas on this matter.

Yours, etc.,

Luxemburg-City

J. J. KARIGER

The Greeks: The Homeric World

Sir,—Compassion can, of course, be found in Homer's great Ionian poems of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*; but when Mr. Stephen Usherwood (quoting the translation by T. E. Lawrence) points to Book 17, line 390 *et seq.*, as being 'Homer's most famous lines about slavery' it is, strangely, open to questioning whether Homer was filled with compassion for slaves or showing concern (mingled with impatience) about socially useless beggars.

In the quoted passages Johann Heinrich Voss's celebrated German translation (which aspired to be both poetic and literal) makes constant reference to 'Bettler' (beggars), not slaves. The distinction is significant: beggars are free men, and even being poor would not have qualified them for pity in the ancient world. Far from it. Are we then confronted by the astonishing fact that the astonishing Homer was capable of the modern civic virtue of understanding for the 'underdog'?

It would be fascinating to know what Greek scholars make of the discrepancy between Lawrence's and Voss's renderings.

Yours, etc.,

Shavington

E. H. POLLITT

Research: the Tyrant

Sir,—In much that is spoken and written about universities today we find the assumption that good teaching and good research are almost incompatible. It is implied that lecturers are so obsessed with the need to publish something that their teaching is neglected; and that if they were relieved of the obligation to write, they would teach better.

I often wonder what those who hold this view really have in mind. The amount of time a lecturer spends in teaching is usually determined by circumstances beyond his control, so the prospective improvement must lie in the preparation of teaching.

What, in practice, can this consist of? If, as is often the case in my own subject (archaeology), there is no reliable account in print for students to read, lecturing must consist to some extent of a straightforward presentation of material. The lecturer's individual contribution is confined to suggesting criticism and to proposing new ideas; and if these do not arise spontaneously, I do not know of any form of 'preparation' which will supply them.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 15

PETER S. GELLING



Sweetest corn you ever did see!

Sweet indeed are the fruits of the earth, and all should enjoy them. Tragically, on our overcrowded planet, one man's snack is all too often another man's supper. Here in Britain, the problem is economic, our need being to produce food at *lower cost*. This the farmer achieves with his traditional skills, aided increasingly by agricultural chemicals.

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Britain's Colour Problem

Sir,—As a fellow Northerner, I would like to take issue with Miss Betty Jalley's rather sanctimonious letter (*THE LISTENER*, January 12) on racial discrimination in the United States and her popular theory that the blame lies squarely with the South. The habit of pointing an accusing finger at Southern problems is an easy and universal Northern failing, but racial discrimination in the North is fully as prevalent, if more subtle. One needs only to recall the old saw to the effect that the Southerner worries more about the elevation of the Negro than his proximity whereas the Northerner does the opposite to get an accurate picture of the two social patterns.

The North has its so-called 'ghettos' in every city, Harlem in New York being perhaps the best-known, and we have had our quota of riots and protest marches, jeering crowds and club-wielding youths. There were race riots in Detroit during the war, housing riots in Cicero, Illinois some years ago, white protest marches in New York some months ago (over school integration) and recently an interesting switch in the usual pattern when over-sensitive Negro leaders accused New York Jews of monopolizing liquor retailing, and therefore discriminating in Harlem. The liberals, 'that howling minority' as Senator Goldwater puts it, in their zeal for reform, often overlook the fact that discrimination and friction cut both ways—Negroes also have their prejudices. They actually prefer living with their own people, strange as it may seem to those who cry bigot.

Physical prejudices play a strong part in our acceptance of neighbours—birds of a feather *do* flock together, one might say. It has been not unreasonably supposed that if there were not physical aversions the world would have seen one race millenniums ago. The old China hands amongst your readers may remember Chinese urchins following foreigners down a street chanting 'Look at the Big Nose!' The only new phenomenon of our times is the belligerence that the American Negro has assumed in the face of white complacency and lack of solidarity. In Africa, the same passes for 'nationalism'. The cardinal mistake would be to suppose that these pressures from the coloured people do not generate equal and opposite, and explosive, pressures in the white community—especially amongst the lower socio-economic groups who stand to lose most from any change in the social structure. In all our mouthings and weighty deliberations over the problem, the critical question of physical aversion is invariably glossed over and unresolved, but in the end result, all the debates over school integration, business and housing bias, etc., stem from this one basic dilemma, which has been exploited in this country by shrill and vocal minority group leaders for debatable results. As an example, there is a growing conviction amongst American Negroes that school integration could be a very mixed blessing. Could classroom discrimination by white teacher against black pupil be prevented, for instance?

In England's case, one wonders why Jamaicans are attracted to an over-crowded white country of some 50,000 square miles, when there is so much to be done in their own vast continent of some 11,000,000 square miles.—Yours, etc.,

West Redding, ALAN F. P. MOYLER
Connecticut, U.S.A.

Why Do Trains Sway?

Sir,—In his comments on Professor Bishop's talk (which appeared in *THE LISTENER* of January 26) Mr. Daniel has shown why powered multiple units cause track distortion and rough riding, especially at high speeds. The question remains whether transition from steam to electric traction must involve large-scale replacement of locomotive-hauled coaching stock by multiple units. That this is not necessarily the case can be seen from the experience in Sweden, Switzerland, and France; the modern trend in Continental passenger services is towards haulage by BoBo electric locomotives with an overall weight of up to eighty tons and the use of lighter locomotives for suburban traffic with 'push and pull' train sets.

A further development has been the inter-urban express of light aluminium coaches hauled by BoBo locomotives weighing less than sixty tons of the Swiss Re 4/4 type. Because of the history of our electric network in the Southern region and the special dense peak-hour traffic conditions prevailing there, we seem to have favoured the multiple unit, even for medium distances, more than the technical characteristics of powered bogies would warrant. It is also obvious that accommodation of all traction equipment in a separate locomotive makes it easier to provide for blowers and other cooling equipment—a fact of some importance when dealing with the high voltage adopted for the British modernization programme.

From an economic point of view, the incorporation of much traction equipment in multiple units is wasteful, because the electric motors can then only be used together with the train; in the case of peak-hour traffic, especially, this means that much of the equipment lies idle for part of each twenty-four hours, whereas an electric locomotive has a service availability of over twenty-three hours in every twenty-four.

As a tentative solution, I would suggest that we power all but our heaviest trains with a couple of lightweight BoBo locomotives, one working at each end and both controlled from the cab in front of the train. At night time, or during slack passenger traffic periods, these locomotives could be detached and run in tandem as a goods locomotive with an overall weight of between eighty and 100 tons.

Yours, etc.,

Binfield Heath

RALF BONWIT

Sir,—As an eighty-six-mile-a-day commuter who relies upon the undisturbed hour morning and evening for reading, writing, and occasional sleep, I was most interested to read Mr. R. E. D. Bishop's broadcast, 'Why Do Trains Sway?' (*THE LISTENER*, January 26).

It is a relief to know that the British Transport Commission is tackling the problem of 'bogies hunting' but what many of us would ask is why do the trains built since the war appear to run so much less smoothly than those of pre-war vintage? For example, the new Kent Coast fast electrics have become a by-word for their rough riding and are far worse than our twenty-three-year-old electric stock on the Portsmouth line, though the latter is not blameless.

In locomotive-hauled trains from Easton or St. Pancras the ride is not nearly so smooth as in pre-war days. Above all, why do we still lag

so far behind France, Switzerland, or the U.S.A. in the smoothness and quietness of our railway travel? The layman suspects that there has been too much economy in weight, springing, and possibly track-laying methods, but whatever the cause it is disturbing to find Great Britain, the home of railways, now so far behind other advanced countries in the riding qualities of its trains.—Yours, etc.,

Haslemere

PHILIP UNWIN

Party Political Broadcast

Sir,—It is not often that party political broadcasts earn a mention in your 'Critic on the Hearth' feature. Whether or not your contributor on February 2, in his reference to our broadcast of January 25, saw himself as one of the 'embarrassed converted' to whom he felt our spokesman was 'preaching' is something only he can answer; but I must say I find myself somewhat mystified by one of his statements.

'I should have thought', he wrote, 'that a President Kennedy type of appeal—"Ask not what the Young Conservatives can do for you, but what you and they together can do for your country"—would have gone over better'.

The thought that the critic did not personally see (or hear) the broadcast, but merely relied on another's comments, enters my mind when I re-read the transcript of the actual words of Mr. Iain Macleod, M.P., who was the central figure in the programme. This is an extract:

I don't think it was only Americans who thrilled to one particular sentence last week, when Mr. Kennedy made his inaugural address. Do you remember what he said? 'Ask not what your country will do for you. Ask rather what you can do for your country'.

Now if this finds an echo in your mind and in your hearts, if you feel you may be drawn to public service—whether it's in parliament, or in a constituency, or in a council, then you ought to join the party of your political choice, and naturally, I hope that your political choice will be the Conservative Party.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN LINDSEY

Head of the Radio and Television Section
Conservative and
Unionist Central Office,
London, S.W.1

[Mr. Peter Pound writes:

Mr. Macleod's reference to President Kennedy's words, coming at the end of twenty-five minutes in which he had stressed the social fun and opportunities for political advancement to be had as a young Tory, hardly seems to me to qualify the whole programme to be classified as President Kennedy's type of appeal.]

London Sundays

Sir,—I have been commissioned to write a book about the London Sunday—past and present. If any of your readers would like to tell me how they spend theirs, I should be glad to hear from them.

10 Gardnor Road,

London, N.W.3 NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

In a B.B.C. Television programme broadcast on January 30, Patrick Moore discussed problems about the Sun with W. M. Baxter, Secretary of the British Astronomical Association. We regret that on page 261 of *THE LISTENER*, at the foot of an article about this programme, Mr. Baxter's name was given wrongly.



'The Resurrection', by Stanley Spencer

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

Painting of the Month

Stanley Spencer's 'Resurrection'

By CAREL WEIGHT

TO THE PEOPLE who think that all important contemporary painting should be 'at the height of its time' it must be rather disturbing that one of the outstanding masterpieces of the first half of the twentieth century is Stanley Spencer's 'Resurrection'. This picture has absolutely nothing to do with the art of its time: Fauvism, Expressionism, Cubism, Futurism, Surrealism, and even Impressionism might never have happened. It could, in fact, have been painted at any moment in the history of art since Giotto. It would not look out of place in the Flemish Primitive Room in the National Gallery, or as a companion to Uccello's 'Battlepiece'. It is like some Pre-Raphaelite picture that has strayed by accident into modern times, but, unlike the Pre-Raphaelites, it is inspired not by poetry or literature but by life.

It is this timeless quality that sustains our admiration when more fashionable masterpieces have become just interesting period pieces. Already Picasso's 'Guernica' seems to have worn a little thin and does not mean for us today what it meant in the nineteen-thirties.

But although the 'Resurrection' might have been painted at any time, it could only have come out of one place. It is a great English picture, and takes its place beside Hogarth's 'Election' series, and Constable's 'Hay Wain'. It is, I think, the greatest picture painted by an Englishman since the death of Turner.

The 'Resurrection' was started in 1923, when Spencer was thirty-one years old, and finished

in 1926. He painted it in a small room over a public house in the Vale of Health. Outside was a fair ground, and Spencer used to say that the only way he could ever get far enough away to see his picture as a whole was 'to have two pennyworth on the swings' and glimpse it as he shot by the window. He used to say that the fumes from the cooking below mixed into the paint and gave it a unique quality; and many years later when the Director of the Tate Gallery suggested that the picture needed a clean, Spencer was dead against it, as he felt this quality would be lost.

The picture was exhibited at his first one-man exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in 1927, and was purchased by the Duveen Fund and presented to the Tate Gallery. It caused a considerable stir, and although it was praised by some of the serious critics, it was violently attacked in the sensational press, where words like 'cynical' and 'sacrilegious' were freely used.

The 'Resurrection' is a great piece of autobiography which can tell you more about its author and his immediate family than any self-portrait could have done. Here, on the Day of Judgment, set in an idealized Cookham churchyard with a view of the river beyond, you may read something of his spiritual and earthly life, of his friends and of his wife. She is the tiny figure in a dark dress holding a staff on the bank of the river; she is also the girl on the path on the left smelling a flower; she appears again

in the figure in white lying on the tomb underneath the porch. Her brother, Richard Carline, is the man in the brown suit lying with his back to us on the tomb on the extreme left, and he figures again as the nude by the railing directly below the right side of the porch, while the other nude man looking out to the right is Stanley Spencer himself. He is also the man lying on the tomb at the bottom of the right side of the picture.

The innovator of an art movement need not necessarily have a great artistic personality; it is the *idea* which takes possession, not the man. Claude Monet is a case in point. But if a man is to succeed as a reactionary artist, as Spencer undoubtedly was (and I do not mean it in any derogatory way), then he must do so by the sheer force and originality of his own personality. If he is wanting in this, his work must be either a pastiche of the better men who went before him, or at best dully academic. It is Spencer's personality which is his great strength.

Spencer's art was a complete expression of his personality. He was a little dynamo of a man, his mind teeming with ideas, and he expressed his personality equally in paint or in words. His vitality was enormous. I remember a few years back going to the private view of the Royal Academy early in the morning, and seeing him surrounded by a number of admiring listeners. I came back in the late afternoon to find him still talking with great animation to a still larger following—he had been going all

day long. That evening I went down to Cookham, and he arrived at the house where I was staying, having travelled down from town after the exhibition had closed. He then completely dominated the conversation till the early hours of the morning, when suddenly he stood up and said he must go home as he felt a little tired.

Bread and Jam

In the last months of his life, after he had had a terrible operation, some students of the Royal College, not knowing how ill he was, asked if they could bring him over from Cookham to Burghclere by coach so that he could tell them about his murals in the chapel there. To my surprise he replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure. Once again he talked marvellously, explaining every feature of the work to his young audience. He was like an inspired schoolboy. On their way back they stopped at a little place for tea, and suddenly, with great intensity, he said: 'Isn't it wonderful to be eating bread and jam?'

In his work, too, it is the intensity of his observation of ordinary everyday things that is remarkable. He could take a commonplace incident like the two men with ladders on their backs in the 'Christ carrying the Cross' in the Tate Gallery, and give it such a new look that we find ourselves saying: 'Yes, that is what a chap looks like when he carries a ladder—but what a strange and exciting pattern it makes'.

Spencer was fortified by great technical gifts. Not only was he a fine draughtsman but master of every technical device in the armament of a figurative painter. His picture of the 'Resurrection' is constructed as rigidly as a work by Piero della Francesca or Poussin, all the numerous ingredients being brought into one coherent design in a thoroughly masterly manner.

The 'Resurrection' is intensely three-dimensional. We feel very conscious of its depth. It is charged with a force which seems to radiate from a point beyond the bottom left-hand corner and spread right across the whole picture. You can see how this happens if you look at the almost geometric placing of the tombs on the left, the lid of the open one, the dark shadows of the foliage down the side of the church, the clump of yews on the extreme right, the dark figure among the flowers in the foreground, and the placing of the tomb with its reclining figure on the extreme right-hand corner of the picture. The more subtle placing of the graves on the right side of the porch, which prevents the eye coming to a full stop at the principal axis; this—the apex of the composition—is formed by the arrangement of tombs leading to the porch with its flowered top, in the exact centre of the picture. By contrast the wall of the church and railing are placed horizontal to the picture plane, giving the design its needed stability.

Unusual Method of Work

Spencer made use of a curious method of work in his elaborate compositions which makes us stand amazed at the unity he achieved. Having done a drawing and transferred it in outline to the canvas, he started at the top left-hand corner, finishing each piece completely and never revising, finally ending at the bottom right-hand corner.

We had an opportunity in last year's Royal

Academy of seeing the great unfinished picture of 'Christ preaching at Cookham Regatta', with vast strips of white canvas contrasted with portions completely finished. To have chosen this manner of working proves that he could completely visualize the picture as a whole before he started, even down to small details. The only other artist who had this remarkable gift was William Blake, but even he never concerned himself with such involved designs. In the Resurrection picture Spencer appears to have deviated slightly from this procedure by indicating the main tones very simply in a grisaille underpainting.

One does not think of Spencer as a colourist, but in this picture his colour is masterly: the red blouse of the Negress below the porch sings out. The sense of tone and the handling of paint reach a plane which the artist never again achieved. After this he deliberately cut out the sensuous use of pigment and the strongly contrasted tonal qualities of his work. I do not mean to imply that his later work deteriorated; it changed its course and was to pursue a new and stony passage which led ultimately to the wonderful late flowering of his last pictures.

A Later Version

It is interesting to compare this picture of the 'Resurrection' with the later version painted between 1947 and 1950, which also hangs in the Tate Gallery. The later work, with all its involved rhythmic structure, seems turgid by comparison. There is no landscape to relieve the eye from the writhing hordes of figures; we feel overwhelmed, and rather repulsed. These are not the doll-like people of the early work: 'I lost my innocence', Spencer used to say. It was only in the last few years of his life that he seemed to find serenity, and in the final phase it is a change of mood, and not any change of style, that becomes evident. It was to him *Paradise Regained*.

But it is the mood, the Spencerian quality, which really makes this picture a great work. It is full of contradictions, and yet it has unity. The setting is painted with realism, the flowers, the ivy and every blade of grass is treated with almost Pre-Raphaelite attention to detail, and one would expect the figures to be painted with similar meticulousness. But in fact it is peopled for the most part by doll-like figures very much simplified, except where he introduces his friends, or his wife, or himself, where he allows himself to be much more naturalistic, and so there are two human species peopling the same picture.

It is by this contrast of the figures and their setting that he makes his effect of shock. How insistent he is to show us everything in his beloved churchyard, the carving on the tombs, the texture on the side of the church wall—the railings: 'It is here', he seems to say, 'where we know every stick and stone, that this extraordinary thing takes place'. Out of their graves come these strange archaic people in their fantastic burial clothes, and languidly look around them at the old world.

He takes extraordinary liberties with the scale: look at the tiny people amongst the huge grave-stones just below the river. To me this is one of the most eerie and imaginative passages in the whole work. It reminds me of another Spencer picture, one of the mural panels in the Burgh-

clere Chapel. In it there is a crowd of wounded soldiers with their arms in slings which make innumerable white triangular patterns, and as one's eye travels through the crowds towards the distance, the triangles change from slings into angels' wings.

A similar incident occurs in 'Christ Carrying the Cross', where the fluttering curtains make wings for the onlookers who peer out from the windows. It is this illusory quality I find most fascinating of all in his work; Giotto had it to an even greater degree.

There are many things that excite, and some that puzzle me, in Spencer's 'Resurrection'. What, for instance, is the significance of the children looking out of the tomb, whose hair is being firmly pulled by the dark figure behind them, or the strange group of coloured people, or the rather horrific men rising up with graves on their backs?

But there are also the gentler things to look at: how beautifully he manages the soft shadows that pass over the scene, and how luminous they are, and how marvellously nostalgic the tiny glimpse of the river with the sunlight flickering on the water.

I began by saying that this is one of the great pictures of the first half of the twentieth century. I do not know if I have succeeded in making my claim—and in any case 'great' is an impossible word to define. Perhaps it has something to do with individuality: and Spencer had that, he was truly an eccentric, outside the current of his time: but, beyond that, his 'Resurrection' possesses what I think all great painting must have, some of the qualities of a symphony—its scale, its unity of purpose, and its ordered complexity. Ours is a period of little works, and there are few people today whose art has the staying power for anything on this scale. Perhaps Ensor's 'Christ entering Brussels' possessed it—but even this seems superficial in comparison with the 'Resurrection'. Like a great novel, this is a picture to which you can return again and again, always finding new treasures; and for me, at any rate, there is nothing like it in the world.—*Home Service*

The Early Flower

When the long root, the tensile stem disturb
The air with its fixed flower, a single bloom
Triumphant in the rain, a piece of sun
Beyond this time, this sensual ebb and flow,—
A spire of bloom expands on the mind's eye
To hold and heal, shimmer and stay
Despite the moment's spare diminishing:
Then true beginnings move the mind,
And steal through all our hearts like direct spring.

THEODORE ROETHKE

Drinking Song

Sip a little, sup a little
From your little cup a little;
Sup a little, sip a little,
Put it to your lip a little;
Tip a little, tap a little,
Not into your lap or it'll
Drip a little, drop a little
On the table-top a little.

JAMES KIRKUP

Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

WE MUST LIKE Toulouse-Lautrec's painting before we are entitled to inquire whether his work was so good because of or in spite of his physical misfortunes. Our concern to understand that work must arise because it moves us to human sympathy, not because we are merely curious. The present exhibition at the Tate Gallery* gives us an opportunity to like, admire, and respect him. Between the implications of his earliest and his last work we are shown a handful of masterpieces which give us cause to consider the terrifying cost one man had to pay for his genius.

Yet, in spite of knowing this, the pictures in this exhibition appear surprisingly suave. He would begin with line, not necessarily a profile line, used in a particular manner, rapid, seemingly never hesitant, often sketchy. Later, certain shapes such as a bodice, might be filled in as a silhouette, but were not begun that way. The cardboard he often worked on, a grey commonplace substance, received the almost holy material, paint, with a drying effect—as one might expect his comment to be dry. Yet it is creamy also, and it is often the flesh, resilient and flexible, which Lautrec first began to model. How sensitive he was to the folds in the neck: when one responds to the body one recognizes from small areas of it the physical characteristics of the rest of the body and of the personality.

If there had been no Lautrec one very human aspect of the world would have gone unrecorded. He defined an attitude to life without moralizing about it. That attitude is given expression by the activities of the body; the art which expresses it is vital in repose.

When I first saw Jeffery Camp's pictures a year or two ago, I felt a strong personal reaction to both his subject and style. The paintings and drawings in his present exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery present a unified world of physical responses in a physical situation, out of doors or in a large indoors; an area which is inhabited or has recently been inhabited or is about to be inhabited by human beings; the almost classless arena between the land and the sea, the sea itself and the seashore. My first feelings were of immediate pleasure both in what the pictures were about and in the way they were painted. Here was somebody with a personal and authentic imagination who had succeeded in bringing forward as a realm of fresh expression a subject-matter which we had perhaps thought to have been long since worked out.

Bathing figures and beach scenes have been

for a number of twentieth-century artists almost the sole justification for classical allusion and the expression of what I would call free ritual. There are not many rituals left in our society, apart from the fundamentals of sleeping and waking, eating and loving, and all these the



'Late Dance', by Jeffery Camp: from the exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery

beach can hold. It is a place where we go in a particular frame of mind, dressed specially or undressed specially, we shed one form of class distinction to take on aspects of differentiation which owe their quality and authority to the senses alone. One is taken over by the elements of water, rock, sand, wind, warmth, waves, and storms; our physical qualities, our actions, our emotions become relaxed and expressive because we are first taken out of ourselves by things bigger than ourselves.

Whether Jeffery Camp thinks of his pictures in these terms or not, his paintings elevate the emotions in a similar manner; his figures are engaged in elusive movement; the wind moves the grasses, the sea and the clouds, which sweep away first impressions of what is scenically picturesque, leave over each canvas a total mood. Now 'mood' might suggest vagueness, but Camp secures an ambiguity which is explicit in the subject. His handling of paint is at first sight tremulous; not impressionist but fauvist or rather expressionist in a light-handed way; this deceptive fragility of touch dissolves one thing into another, translating for us the slow-time way of actually seeing and being in these places. If one looks down from a cliff one's eye is caught by separate items and events; one stares first at one and then at another within the general open view; between each there is a visual pause, and Camp defines these pauses as precisely as he batters down his firm fragments of action and texture.

This large view of landscape is something which we tend to get artists to do for us; there is so much to take in that it is almost painful to stare. When we do stare at it, Nature generally denies our desire to rationalize about it; it won't lie down. Camp lets the chaos before

him rise up and then he selects, in a non-traditional way, the things which make significant sense to him. He is not inhibited by familiarity with his subject or by art and the idea that certain things can't be painted or shouldn't be painted any more. He only puts down what he wants, and this may be a motor-car on the cliff edge or a vulgar caravan. Again he selects from the parts; a shoulder or a buttock may express from its angle or its colour the vitality of a whole figure. In spite of the freshness of his paint there is an evident struggle behind everything he strives to do, and though many little things and activities may be scattered over the picture, and the surge of his forms often cuts across natural structure, they invariably add up to a total and satisfying plastic unity.

But there is an ambiguity created by the way in which we read his pictures; one sees two figures which have just moved over the top of a rock in the middle distance; they move hesitantly, one feels that they have to pick their way and one wants them to go on moving; one wants more. Not within each picture perhaps—one wants more pictures.

This year's exhibition of Young Contemporaries at the R.B.A. is a particularly good and lively one. The pictures are better displayed than before, sensibly reduced in numbers, and they confirm at least one tentative hope that things have got better since the war; namely, that English artists can cope with scale in painting without diminishing content. Individual works by Allen Jones, David Hockney, Mario Dubsy, David Willetts, and Thomas Coates also confirm my suspicions that the word 'young' is irrelevant to aesthetic statements and is only of use to the art-historian.

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Architecture in America, by Wayne Andrews (Thames and Hudson, £4 4s.), has an introduction by Russell Lynes and 257 photographs of buildings from the Colonial period to the present day.

Jacques Lipchitz: his Sculpture (Thames and Hudson, £4 4s.), by A. M. Hammacher, director of Holland's Rijksmuseum Kröller-Müller, contains an introductory statement by Lipchitz himself. There are 100 plates of drawings and sculptures as well as 61 plates in the text.

* Organized by the Association Française d'Action Artistique with the Arts Council, and open until March 15. The picture on the cover was lent to the exhibition by the Musée d'Albi

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Bayonets to Lhasa. By Peter Fleming.
Hart-Davis. 30s.

Reviewed by KENNETH MASON

THIS IS A FASCINATING BOOK, in some ways even surpassing in interest the same author's *The Siege of Peking*. Enlivened by wit, it is exact in detail and a serious analysis of events. Mr. Fleming has examined a mass of contemporary letters and delved deeply into unofficial records. With his first-hand knowledge of Asia he tells an absorbing story.

The outlines of the mission to Lhasa are well established: the abortive five months' efforts to parley at Khamba Dzong during the summer of 1903; the obstinate stalemate in the Chumbi valley in November and December; the crossing of the Tang La, 15,200 feet, on January 4; the three months' wait at Tuna, when Younghusband made his daring ride to the Tibetan camp at Guru, escorted only by O'Connor and Sawyer, in a vain effort to negotiate; the later opposition at Guru and the Red Idol gorge; the Tibetan attack at Gyantse on May 5; the little siege and other scraps. The outskirts of Lhasa were reached on August 2, the agreement was signed in the Potala on September 7, and the Commissioner started back on September 23. At any point between the Sikkim frontier and Lhasa it was open to the Dalai Lama to negotiate; he obstinately declined. There was never any question of 'conquest', and bayonets were never fixed. But at no time could the mission turn back without humiliation.

What makes the book so enthralling is the author's narrative style, his sense of the Tibetan scene, often grotesque, and the way he sifts his evidence and discloses reasons for each act, relating them to the atmosphere of the time; to the differing points of view of Curzon at Simla and of the government at home; to the incipient clash between Curzon and Kitchener; to the contrasting qualities of the fearless Younghusband and his timorous and sedentary escort commander; and to current happenings in a wider world. For the aftermath of the Boer War found a hesitant British government friendless in Europe; China was impotent; and the Russian 'bogey', though dormant, was not dead, even in London.

The book broadly falls into three parts: the causes of the mission, its conduct under conditions of great physical hardship and discomfort, and the sequel. It begins with a short summary of 'the Great Game'—that game of political chess between Russia and Britain in Asia, at which Russia was adept. An obsession during the nineteenth century, and played mostly on the north-west frontier, in Afghanistan and on the Pamirs, it was marked by probes, counter-probes, and occasionally more serious incidents. Dignified notes of protest passed between London and St. Petersburg. To the adventurous pawns on both sides it was great fun; to Kipling an inspiration, to timid statesmen a spectre, to Curzon a challenge. As in the cold war of today, to which the 'Game' has a pale resemblance, there was a veil of

secrecy, if not a curtain. Russian officers boasted of their ambitions; they were dominant in Central Asia; India's safety depended on the integrity of her buffer states of which Tibet, under the suzerainty of China, was one. To a man of Curzon's temperament, breaches of the convention between Britain and China over many years were sinister and called for redress. The country and people were little known; Lhasa had been visited by Europeans only twice in the previous century, in 1811 and 1846. The Dalai Lama was impervious to protests.

Reluctantly the Cabinet sanctioned the Commission. Unfortunately a ministerial reshuffle brought Brodrick to the India Office. He hated the adventure from the start, and, as the author clearly shows, prejudiced success by his animosity.

Younghusband's difficulties with the home government are well brought out. Utterly fearless, he had a unique knowledge of Asiatic affairs and of the Asiatic mind. Unfortunately the home government, fearful of possible repercussions, never fully trusted him. Harassed by telegrams reflecting periodical spasms of defeatism, he was outwardly imperturbable. If for a short time at Gyantse he suffered from 'high altitude distemper', it was only disclosed in his letters to his father, which fortunately survive. He never claimed to be infallible, but he was never afraid of responsibility, in spite of 'God-Almighty-to-a-Blackbeetle' rebukes. He knew that the man on the spot must sometimes exceed his instructions, and more than once risked his career to win success. The final act at Lhasa is an illustration. After the agreement had been signed, the home government ordered a re-opening of negotiations. Preparations to leave had begun. The Lhasa government knew the date of departure. It would have been fatal to obey.

It turned out that Curzon's assumptions of Russian intrigue proved as groundless as the trepidations of disaster in Whitehall. The disappointed Brodrick made Younghusband the scapegoat of success. Sentimentalists may regret the unveiling of Lhasa, but 'mysterious' Tibet was not the loser. Forty years later she was not greatly changed; the friendship established in 1904 was fostered by a succession of wise political agents; and in times of trouble successive Dalai Lamas have sought sanctuary in India.

Hölderlin: Selected Verse. Introduced and edited by Michael Hamburger. Penguin Books. 6s.

This selection of Hölderlin's poems in the original German can scarcely be considered a sound financial proposition. Yet how worthwhile and how generous to issue such an attractive edition of this great poet. The times are catching up with Hölderlin. He was ignored in his lifetime, forgotten in his century, but now, in the past fifty years or so, the impression of greatness has grown and claimed disciples. Rilke is only the brightest of the names in his debt. Mr. Hamburger tells us, without exaggeration, that the development in Hölderlin's poetry be-

tween 1797 and 1803 'in many ways prefigures the development of all European poetry in the next century and a half'. Yet he stands unique in his time, all poet, his verse a classically modulated explosion. The twentieth century is creating the category into which he fits.

It is eighteen years since Michael Hamburger's volume of English verse translated from Hölderlin was published. This time his introduction is shorter and his translations are in prose, printed at the foot of the page. Prose shows deference, its objectivity suits Hölderlin's grave line. And how close these versions are in word and spirit, chiming beautifully with the originals, really matched in mouth. Many of these poems have not been put into English before, and this is true also of the important *Empedocles* fragment, with its autobiographical undertones. The bulk of the selection comes from the poet's middle years, the productive years before his madness, but there are in addition several affecting pieces written during his long confinement in the tower at Tübingen.

IDRIS PARRY

Between War and Peace: The Potsdam Conference. By Herbert Feis. Oxford. 36s.

The merits of Herbert Feis as a chronicler of recent history are now accepted. His experience in the State Department gives him not only a hard-headed ability to distinguish between problems as they might appear to the external and leisured observer and as they present themselves to harassed and weary statesmen and officials, but also a knowledge of what facts are relevant, and where to look for them. His economic knowledge enables him to penetrate swiftly into the heart of what might otherwise seem to be an unfathomable morass as in the reparations chapters of the present work. He never gives way to prejudice or passion, and rarely permits himself more than a gentle irony.

On the other hand, he has limitations. His gift for expounding the essentials of a problem and unravelling the threads of a complicated negotiation is not matched with any gift for imparting a general structure to an historical inquiry; like history itself the volumes are shapeless, and such general conclusions as he has to suggest are inserted here and there as occasion offers. His style is plain and dry except for some rather unsuccessful innovations in the handling of words, and can never in itself be relied upon to hold the reader's attention. One has only to compare the flat run of his own narrative with the one long document quoted in it, the report of the first explosion of an atomic bomb in the New Mexico desert by Generals Groves and Farrell which was sent to Stimson at Potsdam for the President's use. Suddenly the great transition from the pre-nuclear to the nuclear age which is or should be the theme of the whole book comes to life. And perhaps more serious still, Mr. Feis either will not or cannot step outside his American skin and try to see the world as others, particularly the Russians, saw it.

This defect which made his earlier volume, *Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin*, so frustrating for the

seeker after the origins of our present discontents is just as marked in the present one, which takes the story from the collapse of Nazi resistance to the end of the Potsdam Conference. For once again we ask (as does Mr. Feis) whether the break-up of the Grand Alliance could have been avoided and, once again, a failure even to try to frame a consistent interpretation of Soviet policy prevents him answering.

He suggests at one point that at this time 'in the Soviet Union brief trust in the true good will of the West was giving way to the belief that the West was bent on depriving the Soviet Union of the benefits of its victory'. Yet elsewhere he provides massive evidence of the Soviet determination to use this victory for purposes to which it can never have expected the West to be reconciled. Did the 'trust' he postulates ever exist? Indeed Mr. Feis seems to be aware of the weakness of his position; for after suggesting not very convincingly alternative policies that might have been followed towards Germany in order to avoid the subsequent struggle over it, he admits that the belief that this could have been done is one 'that must appeal more to faith than to history'.

What Mr. Feis does bring out strikingly is that in negotiations about the shape of post-war Europe it was not always possible to see where a certain line of argument was leading. If the Poles had got less of Germany, as the West demanded, what became the East German regime would have been a more powerful competitor of the Federal German Republic than its size now permits. If the Russians had accepted the suggested obligation to see that all Berlin was fed and supplied from the Eastern zone (as pre-war geography indicated it should) the independence of West Berlin would have been even harder to safeguard.

On the 'bomb' itself, Mr. Feis contributes no solution to the mystery of Stalin's reception of the news at Potsdam—since Russian spies knew all about it, was it news? If he did know about it why was Russian conduct apparently unaffected? But of course, one might say that the Americans were unaffected too. Their willingness to resist the Russians' claims in Europe was not strengthened; and their desire to involve the Russians in the last stages of the Japanese war (the subject of Mr. Feis's next book) was not diminished. Politics takes some time to catch up with physics.

Perhaps Mr. Feis gets nearest the real heart of the matter when he discusses the dilemma of the western statesmen over whether to share the secrets of the bomb itself (a dilemma ironically already made unreal by espionage). Would such a demonstration of trust both convince the Russians of our friendly purposes and make possible genuine international control of the terrible new power? A tempting prospect—and yet one can see the force of the reasons which made for its rejection. In a hitherto unpublished memorandum given to Truman by Stimson on July 21, 1945 he wrote: 'after careful reflection I am of the belief that no world organization containing as one of its dominant members a nation whose people are not possessed of free speech but whose governmental action is controlled by the autocratic machinery of a secret political police, can give effective control of this new agency with its devastating possibilities'. The last fifteen years show how unerringly Stimson hit the mark.

MAX BELOFF

South Africa and World Opinion

By Peter Calvocoressi. Oxford. 6s.

The Vision Splendid

By C. E. Lucas Phillips. Heinemann. 25s.

The African Revolution. By James Cameron.

Thames and Hudson. 18s.

Africa in Perspective. By Hugh Wynn Jones.

Quadrige Press. 25s.

All these four books seek to present facts and problems of Africa to readers without specialist knowledge. Mr. Calvocoressi's, the shortest, contains by far the greatest concentration of ideas, because he has followed the old-fashioned method of seeking precision by the careful choice of ordinary words. His theme is limited: the reaction of public opinion in different countries to the political system of the Union. He starts from the impact of the Sharpeville incident on the press of the world, and reminds us that in these days of mass communications dramatic events of this kind are presented to a far wider audience than they were a generation ago.

He discusses the various attempts that have been made to put pressure on the South African government, by boycott or through the United Nations, remarking that the nations most willing to hurt South Africa are those who are least able; and the attitudes of the Commonwealth states towards a member who violates principles assumed to be fundamental to this association. Nobody, he remarks, has been very clear what should or can be done, and some of the western nations are afraid of the consequences effective action might have for themselves. Mr. Calvocoressi thinks something should be done. He argues that the strategic importance of friendship with South Africa is less than is supposed. He also points out that the world's disapprobation has not so far shaken Dr. Verwoerd in the least. He draws hope from an unusual source. The influence of the United Nations in Africa is bound to grow, he believes, as more states become independent and find themselves in difficulties, and this may eventually make its members willing to concert economic sanctions against the Union.

Both Brigadier Phillips and Mr. Cameron are aware of the technical problems in Africa which Africans cannot possibly solve by themselves. Brigadier Phillips is concerned with Central Africa. His plan for its future is an original one—the separation of powers. Each territory, and the Federation, should have a nominated, multi-racial, executive to which the legislatures should be merely advisory. In the Protectorates the legislatures would at some time have an African majority, for 'the great majority of the white people in all three territories fully supports the advancement of the African'. In Brigadier Phillips's terms this should be a lengthy process of education, beginning with the teaching of English 'at mother's knee' as 'the only sound footing for the natural development of western ethics'.

Mr. Cameron light-heartedly dismisses Africa's poverty and technical backwardness as just the next challenge to be met. His book is one of a series on revolutions, which will apparently cover contemporary manifestations of nationalism as well as the more narrowly circumscribed political phenomena generally suggested by the word. What he actually gives us

is a potted history of every territory or state in the African continent, one after another. His language is evocative and impressionistic, and his story slides past, without mentioning them, incidents which one has been accustomed to think of as turning-points. Both he and Brigadier Phillips make much of the most famous phrase of the Devlin Report—'police state'—the former with approval, the latter with indignation. Neither remarks that, although it occurs on the first page of the report, it belongs in a strictly limited context. But perhaps it is too late for this now. Mr. Wynn Jones's perspective is also that of history, but he takes it a different way, looking at the continent of Africa as a whole and beginning with geology and pre-history.

LUCY MAIR

Maurice Maeterlinck. By W. D. Halls. Oxford. 35s.

Does Maeterlinck merit serious critical study at this date? It is a question which Mr. Halls must often have meditated as he busied himself with his research, and because he found it hard to reach a decision it is a question which has left its mark on the writing of his book. Perhaps it is necessary to have been young at the end of the first war to experience the revulsion that the very name of Maeterlinck is able to evoke—the memory of Tytly and Mytlyl twittering in seasonal performances of *The Blue Bird*, the rows of little volumes whose 'philosophy' waited only to be pulped. How it all floods back when Mr. Halls quotes the great man's summary of his philosophical conclusions: 'divine infiniteness, pantheism, immortality of everything and final optimism'. Yet a study of Maeterlinck could be justified on several counts: as an analysis of certain weaknesses in the aesthetic of Symbolism, or as a phase in the history of the *esprit belge*, or indeed of Maeterlinck himself as a recurrent phenomenon, an unvarying component in the morphology of pseudo-religions. Mr. Halls has resisted the temptation to be unfair and that can't have been easy; his book, if over-solemn, at least provides material for fascinating speculation.

There are two important clues to what is puzzling in Maeterlinck: he was born in Ghent and he suffered a preposterous inflation of his literary capacities too early in his career. Flemish culture seems fated to establish a perpetual oscillation between esoteric mysticism and sensual exuberance; the pendulum swings between Ruysbroek and Breughel, between *The Adornment of Spiritual Marriage* and uninhibited, peasant gluttony. Only in our own day has Henri Michaux, the latest in this dynasty of *poètes maudits*, succeeded in mastering this legacy—but at the cost of such frightful catharsis that the traditional struggles of St. Anthony with the devil appear mean-spirited in comparison. Maeterlinck was not cut out for this exacting task and when Mirbeau proclaimed to literary Paris that *La Princesse Malaine*, his first play, was a work 'superior in beauty to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare', irreparable damage was done to a mediocre talent. But the *esprit français* (which did not function with its customary sharpness in the over-charged climate of Symbolism) never completely surrendered to this estimate and Paris, after the first enthusiasm, quickly recovered its scepticism. What was ultimately unacceptable in France was given



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unstinted applause in England and America; Maeterlinck, adapting Symbolism to those reverberating statements on Life and Death which are widely received as profound, was carried inexorably towards the Nobel Prize. One of the most attractive items in Mr. Halls's documentation is the evidence of Maeterlinck's disbelief in this

greatness thrust upon him, leading, in the last years, to a habit of misanthropy. 'My dear friend', he counselled his doctor, 'a good piece of advice: don't believe a word of what there is in my books'. Mr. Halls describes this as being 'whimsical to the end', but might it not be an accurate sense of his own limitations, a

self-knowledge that makes him almost endearing? Who is ridiculous, finally: Maeterlinck or his admirers? The author of *Monna Vanna* and *Le Trésor des Humbles* can be remembered as an old, silent man sitting in the sun and not caring if he didn't write another word.

H. G. WHITEMAN

New Novels

Scenes from Married Life. By William Cooper. Macmillan. 16s.

Nine Flowers. By Ian Rodger. Hutchinson. 18s.

The Seasons of Love. By Genevieve Dormann. Translated by Elaine Desautels. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 13s. 6d.

The Ha-Ha. By Jennifer Dawson. Anthony Blond. 15s.

ENGLISH NOVELISTS do not usually find it easy to be both light-hearted and penetrating about love; they can manage the comic mode well enough but when it comes to being witty and subtle at the same time, they are more often than not baffled and defeated. William Cooper is, therefore, something of an original. His new novel, *Scenes from Married Life*, describes the courtship and early months of marriage of Joe Lunn, the hero of Mr. Cooper's earlier novel, *Scenes from Provincial Life* (now available in Penguins, 3s. 6d.). Joe is now thirty-nine, a novelist of some repute, an employee of the Civil Service and, apparently, a confirmed bachelor who consoles himself with transitory love-affairs. However, urged by the example and hints of his friends, Harry and Robert, Joe determines to remain a bachelor no longer and soon meets a young school-teacher called Elspeth with whom he falls instantly and wildly in love. A large section of this very funny and compassionate book is devoted to Joe's dithering about whether or not he shall propose to Elspeth. Resolving to live by a series of deliberate acts of the will, Joe eventually decides to get married, and this novel describes the ecstatic early months of his relationship with Elspeth, his problems in connexion with his writing and his job and, finally, the birth of his first child.

This story sounds conventional enough yet, in Mr. Cooper's hands, it is very far from conventional. In the first place, he has a warm, humorous and loving sense of people; he is sufficiently fond of his characters to be able to mock at them without acrimony. He also has a marvellous gift for showing how love which is based on a genuine affinity between two people pervades every part of those people's lives. Mr. Cooper's love scenes are presented with tremendous feeling but he is also able to devote an equal amount of energy and attention to his accounts of Joe's difficulties with his Civil Service bosses and with a publisher who considers his latest novel obscene.

Above all, Mr. Cooper possesses a light yet sure touch; he knows what is important and what is trivial. He also understands well the way in which everyone's lives are linked with those of their friends. Thus Joe's closest friends—Harry, the inquisitive but well-meaning doctor, and Robert, the sensitive and loyal fellow-novelist—are as alive and convincing as Joe and Elspeth themselves. Mr. Cooper has produced a novel which is happy without being superficial and penetrating without being portentous.

Ian Rodger's 'Novel in Summer', *Nine Flowers*, is also concerned with the fluctuations in human relationships and with married love

in particular. It is set in the Summer Islands of Sweden and deals with the vicissitudes of the two-month-old marriage of Jan and Kristina. Mr. Rodger is at his best as a purely descriptive writer, and the most compelling passages of *Nine Flowers* are those concerned with the strange, tense, distraught hours of a Scandinavian midsummer when emotions override thought, and hysteria seems to be in the very sunlight itself. In such an atmosphere Jan and Kristina, who have been uneasily married, begin to think that their marriage was a great mistake and that they have nothing to give each other. This awareness is precipitated by the presence on the island of Axel, who has run away from city life and is attempting to attain self-knowledge (oh dear!). He and Kristina think that they have fallen in love with each other until a crisis occurs—the death of Grensen, the man who owns the hotel where all the characters are staying. At this point Kristina suddenly realizes her own shortcomings as a wife and finds that she really loves her husband, while Axel sees that he has been running away from life, not mastering it.

I am not convinced by such 'moments of truth' and I think the reason is that Mr. Rodger does the very thing which his own chief characters detest so much; in other words, he over-intellectualizes relationships and emotions and tends to find excessively neat rational solutions for his characters' personal problems. Towards the end of his novel, he makes one of his people declare, "You're trying to make a sum out of it. You're trying to make everything add up. But things don't add up. They don't tie up in nice bundles". Unfortunately, this is precisely what Mr. Rodger himself tries to do with the lives of Jan, Kristina and Axel. One cannot believe that, even in the somewhat unreal atmosphere of a Swedish summer, people would fall in and out of love with the ease and rapidity of these three characters. And Baxter, the English hypnotist maddened by envy and hatred, who acts as a kind of *diabolus ex machina*, is entirely unconvincing.

The real value of Mr. Rodger's book lies in the beautifully relaxed descriptions of seasons and places and also in the just, though too often reiterated, criticisms of modern society. His people are illustrations of an idea, arguments in an attempted philosophy, and therefore only too quickly alienate the reader's sympathy.

I have recently been rather impolite about French *nouvelles* dealing with the subject of love. Though I have no particular inclination to revise my earlier judgment, it must be said that Genevieve Dormann's *The Seasons of Love*

does have certain unquestionable merits. The novel is told in the first person by a young married woman, Marianne, who falls deeply in love with a doctor, Thomas, who is married to somebody else. Marianne and Thomas have a protracted love-affair which is a mixture of ecstasy and despair for Marianne. Mlle. Dormann does not spare us the familiar cliché about *this* love being the greatest ever, but she does present Marianne's feelings in love with complete conviction and sympathy. The element of hate even in great passion, the sense of nothing else mattering, the absolute absorption in a single emotion, the dragging hours between one meeting and another—all these things are beautifully depicted and they are depicted with a commitment that never becomes hysterical. Mlle. Dormann is, perhaps, at her best in the shrewd asides which Marianne utters—for example, 'I never re-read these letters of Thomas's but I liked to know that I could do so'.

Mlle. Dormann shares, oddly enough, Mr. Rodger's weakness for intellectualizing a situation, though in her case this weakness only appears at the end of her book when she makes Marianne explain the break-up of her love-affair in the following rather unconvincing words: 'The day when he had felt that he meant as much to me as I did to him, Thomas had begun to steal away'. The reader does not need to be persuaded by this sort of rationalizing.

Jennifer Dawson's *The Ha-Ha* is not about love but about madness. Josephine, in a mental hospital, is just recovering from schizophrenia. Her slow return to ordinary life, which is most delicately portrayed, is ruined by another young patient, Alasdair, who has been suffering from impotence. Persuading Josephine that her sickness is really only a heightened awareness of life, Alasdair seduces her and so sends her straight back into her earlier state of madness. The book ends when Josephine, partially recovered, decides to run away from the hospital since she would rather risk madness in the world than lead the cushioned, protected life of a mental patient.

This first novel by a young writer is an extraordinary achievement. Anyone who has ever felt even on the edge of a nervous breakdown will recognize the painful sense of remoteness from other people, the terrifying creation of nightmare inner worlds, the longing for peace and security. All these things are described not simply in an analytical way but as the profoundest experiences of Miss Dawson's main character. This must have been a very difficult novel to write but it seems to be entirely successful.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Popular Scrapbooks

DO OTHER NATIONS—the French, Belgians, Dutch, Germans, Italians, Japanese, for example—enjoy reliving their triumphs and setbacks in the last war as much as we British and the Americans? For us, it seems, there can never be too many war films, war leaders' memoirs, and, now, war television programmes.

Perhaps one reason is that the course of the war for Britain and America followed the classic fairy-tale pattern. There was misfortune at the start and stout-heartedness in the face of it; long, laborious toil against devilish odds; and the final discomfiture of the ogre. Like children at bed-time, we cannot hear the tale too often, for its happy ending is a kind of reassurance against the time when the light goes out.

Whatever the explanation, 'The Valiant Years' seems certain to be as widely viewed and as popular here as in America, where the twenty-six half-hour instalments began some weeks ago. Based on Sir Winston Churchill's six-volume history of the second world war, and produced by the American Broadcasting Company with the B.B.C.'s co-operation, the series has been made to the same formula that served so well for 'Victory at Sea'—a scrapbook collection of news-reels from all sources linked, in this case, by extracts from the Churchill books.

The main impression left by the first instalment ('The Gathering Storm', February 11) was of too much material crammed into the available time, leading to a staccato flashing of pictures on to the screen that at times was almost tiring. In reality the storm gathered slowly, whereas in this version it snapped and crackled into life like a Chinese cracker. Richard Burton's voice reading the Churchill lines wonderfully conveyed the idea of Churchill brooding in the political wilderness over impending disaster.

In places A.B.C.'s 'The Valiant Years' must surely overlap N.B.C.'s 'Victory at Sea'. It will be interesting to compare the two versions of the same episodes. The opportunity to do so is the only advantage that I can see, and a small one at that, in having both these six-months-long war serials running concurrently. And is either of them being transmitted at the best

time? One is at 6.20 on Wednesdays, when its depiction of violent death can be watched too easily by children, and the other at 8.30 on Saturdays, a time of the week, especially as the days lengthen, when even 'telly' loosens its grip on the family's throat.

Lord Montgomery's views on what constitutes great leadership in the world today, as expounded, in a filmed interview, to Ed Murrow ('Leadership', February 5) were well worth hearing, though I felt that the Field-Marshal's



Sir Winston Churchill building a wall at Chartwell: one of his occupations described in the first episode of 'The Valiant Years'

straightforward, soldierly mind over-simplified some of the issues involved. Murrow, to his great credit, is no obsequious interlocutor. Much of the time he appeared to be sunk in comfortable, post-prandial torpor, from which he aroused himself occasionally to ask a politely acid question.

I wished there had been time, in 'Panorama' on February 6, for more questions, possibly acid ones, to be put to Mr. Roy Thomson, the news-



'Waterway' on February 10: an owl in a swamp in Florida

John Cura

paper proprietor, about his much-vaunted delegation of complete editorial control to his editors. We have heard this theme running through Mr. Thomson's television interviews for several months now. He uses it to vindicate his amassing of newspapers of different shades of political thinking, and to fend off charges of monopolistic tendencies in his vast press empire.

But what is complete editorial control worth when Mr. Thomson can state, as he did in the 'Panorama' programme, that he would 'sack an editor who became an atheist, or attacked the Royal family, or did anything impossible like that'? In the context of the proposed merger between Mr. Thomson's group and Odhams and the setting up of the Royal Commission on the press, this statement seemed to me so important that the remainder of 'Panorama' should have been sacrificed to give Mr. Thomson time to elaborate it. Unfair on James Mossman, who followed with an excellent report on Iran, and on those viewers not particularly interested in the press's future? Undoubtedly. Yet I cannot help feeling that split-second decisions of this kind, especially in current affairs programmes like 'Panorama', in future will be the hallmark of really successful, vital, documentary television.

Flexibility of a kind was apparent in the additional item put out on February 11, following the latest findings of the Mullard Radio Astronomy Observatory at Cambridge. True, it was mainly a repeat of a programme first seen last spring on the work of the observatory, but Professor Martin Ryle was in the studio with Raymond Baxter to bring the story up to date. It was worth doing, though at 11.10 on a Saturday night the salutary effect of those photographs and diagrams of galaxies was probably experienced by only a few hundred thousand of us. By the end one felt that wars, leadership, and press empires were small beer indeed.

PETER POUND



Lord Montgomery (right) discussing 'Leadership' with Ed Murrow



Miss Mary Belcher (right), winner of the first heat in the *Daily Mail* competition 'Get Ahead' on February 9. The judges (left to right) are Sir Miles Thomas, Mrs. John Profumo, and Mr. William Hardcastle

DRAMA

New Playmates

SUNDAY NIGHT'S PLAY, *The Intervener*, brought to an end the series of new plays which the B.B.C. has been presenting at this time since the autumn. If I cannot acclaim the plays as having made notable contributions to drama or the series as a whole as being an outstanding success, I can at least applaud the Corporation for its calculated efforts to raise dramatic standards by encouraging new playwrights in this positive way and for its presentation to us of several plays which over the months have remained firmly in the mind.

Not that memory in itself necessarily proves quality. In the case of John Osborne's *A Subject of Scandal and Concern* it only serves to remind us of our disappointment that so lively and provoking a dramatist could write so flat and uninteresting a play. But there were others that have maintained their niche in the memory. I recall *The Squeeze* by Harry Green which, if marred by inexpert construction, had a deep, shrewd knowledge of family life and the split which can develop from the paradox of too much affection being displayed by one partner for another.

A tendency of these plays was to deal too exclusively with the underprivileged section of society in terms that made it appear that their problems were special to the class they dealt in, and did not possess a universal application. By default, it seemed to me that it was suggested that other classes had no problems unless it be a little wifely infidelity. True, *A Kind of Strength* by N. J. Crisp tackled, and well, one aspect of middle-income trouble, while David Turner's *The Final Result* (both by chance second plays and both late in the season) took an original line by discussing the effects of one class upon another.

Mr. Donald Wilson's *The Intervener* was also set in comfortable middle-class surroundings, though no social comment was implied in this faultlessly constructed play of a solicitor's fall for the wiles of a divorcee out to wreak vengeance on her husband's first wife. Although the play was without pretensions it well served its purpose of charting the twisting course of a woman psychologically distraught at the knowledge that the second wife had borne the child she longed for from the husband, and of following the path of an elderly man, shrewd in his profession and settled in his ways, who can nevertheless be caught off balance by a temptation he had assumed himself to be indifferent to.

Harold Clayton in his production squeezed every ounce of effect he could from the play, and in this he was well assisted by Alexander Knox's touchingly human solicitor and the witch of Miss Lana Morris who blended the rapidly alternating moods of this creature smoothly, always allowing the steel to dominate even the most relaxed moods.

Another original television drama was *The Brink* (February 9) by Bern Spicer. The central theme of this short play was the desire of a son in his mid-twenties to leave home, and the attempt of the family to prevent him. The play, I thought, handled well a problem that all families have to adjust themselves to, and if this working-class family was more emotionally unstable than might at first seem probable, I rather suspect that this is how it would behave when confronted with such a crisis. The sympathies between the father on the one hand, the dominated son on the other, with the mother prepared to do anything to reunite the family—the distraught, almost hysterical, fear of loss was

beautifully acted by Miss Maureen Pryor — were held nicely balanced by the author who only slipped once and that at the very last minute.

He was helped by the hard tense production of Hal Burton who also staged the most skilfully realistic family row I've ever seen, and by the ruefully energetic performance of James Culliford as the youngster.

No such rebellion was tolerated in *The House with the Green Shutters* by Alistair Bell (February 11), adapted from George Douglas's novel. This claustrophobic late-Victorian melodrama thundered around the domineering father



Alexander Knox as Jeremy Penlove and Lana Morris as Lily Forrester in *The Intervener*



Scene from *The Brink*, with (left to right) James Culliford as Brian, David Lodge as Mr. Rapper, Patricia Routledge as Pat, and Maureen Pryor as Mrs. Rapper

whose forceful, unreasoning manner lost him all he held most dear. This larger than life behaviour goes oddly with modern television. The style and background of the play required an amplitude our little mahogany or plastic peep-shows do not provide, and the extravagant gestures, orotund phrases and blood-curdling threats, lacking the licence we allow to costume drama, sound more 'hammy' than perhaps they are.

All the same, Pharic McLaren's production was in the right uninhibited key, heavily emphasized, and full of titanic storms, lusty threats and constant dram-drinking. Archie Duncan, too, seized the large and rewardingly actable part of the father and gave it full value, never pausing in self-doubt to consider the plausibility of the character.

With strong emotions the order of the week, it had been pleasant to relax with *The Malcolm Mitchell Show* (February 8). The key to this unaffectedly agreeable half-hour of music and light entertainment is Mr. Mitchell himself since it is his light-hearted, sunny personality which marks the show. I hope, therefore, for the future that he will curtail his desire to be the first to laugh at the humour on the show and will suppress entirely his thoughts of becoming a comedian himself. His style of compèring is best when least forced.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Divers Delusions

THE ADVOCATES of commercial radio have not yet suggested that they would bother with radio drama, doubtless because it involves expenditure of money and thought. But they snipe away at the ancient and respectable standards of the B.B.C. So it is perhaps worth saying again that a surprising number of the new plays and dramatists now fashionable in the theatre and beginning to reach television were first produced and encouraged by the B.B.C.'s Drama Department; and that this was a good thing and in the public interest.

Obviously the search for new work means the trying out of a good deal that doesn't quite come off, and there must be weeks when no very satisfactory play is fed into the microphone's maw.

This last week was one of them. We did, however, have the last instalment of *The Midnight Folk* by John Keir Cross out of John Masefield (Home, February 12). Like its predecessors, this was exciting, amusing, imaginative, and produced with vigour and unobtrusive cunning. It happened in the programme we used to call Children's Hour. I hope that the disappearance of that name is only a bit of verbal juggling and may not mean a shifting of standards. Doubtless children don't want to be called children any more, but the change announced is faintly worrying. It reminds me of a letter of protest written by my favourite philosopher about the B.B.C. He was 'dissenting from the proposed policy of attempting to avoid all possible offence'.

One Traveller Returns by Moray McLaren (Home, February 6) contained several interesting ideas, took honourable risks, and made a few good jokes. I did not feel that it came off as a play and am inclined to blame the supernatural and metaphysical machinery. The author began from the notion of working out whether Hamlet was mad or not by transplanting him from Elsinore to a Scottish 'Home for Nervous Complaints'. Unfortunately the 'problem' of Hamlet's sanity is an unreal academic question of the kind demolished in a pamphlet called *How Many Children had Lady Macbeth?* And in his new 'home' this Hamlet found his soul again unconvincingly and in language inevitably

inadequate: An admixture of Highland second-sight in the plot only increased confusion. But good, disturbing points were made. The mentally ill often argue cogently after denying the premisses of the outside world, and there are cases when their premisses are at least as rational and decent as those of the people who humour and diagnose them. There are Napoleons in 'homes' no daffier than Napoleons in industry, and some poor devils who claim to be scapegoats for the sins of the world are hard to contradict.

Mr. McLaren gave his Hamlet the advantage in argument of having no identity papers and carrying a few old Danish coins. He also showed insight and understanding by making the kindness and open-mindedness of the Dane's fellow-convalescents valuable to his recovery. I did not much like the use of a drunken taxi-driver who was also Yorick and Macbeth's Porter as a god from the machine. But it was a very pretty idea to make Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern into smug and stupid State psychiatrists. That couple of servile messengers have, as the old critics used to say, 'a life of their own'. At least, one keeps meeting them socially.

There was, thank Heaven, little earnest analysis in *Analysing Eve* by Roger Leigh (Home, February 9). It was an amiable round game of poor little rich girl, kidnapping gangsters, young man on the make and market research. I liked the mischief about research into opinion and motivation—the calling of interviewees 'male units' and the impudence about bully-ragging the public into saying a kind word about a 'pop' singer who was no good. But apart from this malice towards the semi-scientific handmaidens of commerce and the mass media, the drama was somewhat mechanical.

A certain scorn about the machinations of public relations executives gave flavour to *Auguste* (Home, February 11), which was by Raymond Castans with translation by Joan Sutro and adaptation by Cynthia Pughe. We came near to the 'creation of real characters' argument again, when the great Consultant (Nauntun Wayne) arranged a love affair between two people entirely for publicity purposes and the silly creatures went and fell in love. The invention of a celebrity who was nothing at all except a celebrity took an observable trend in manufactured news a step on to its concluding absurdity. So far the trick has only been done with models, debts, starlets and parlour-game 'personalities'. But there seems no reason why it shouldn't be done with any nobody, and this was neatly worked out.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



The Wind of Change

THE WIND OF CHANGE, a bracing nor'easter, is sweeping through Portland Place. The nine o'clock news has disappeared, the Christmas hook-up has vanished, and now, after thirty-nine years, Children's Hour itself is going to depart: to leave us, that is, in name. Children will have nearly two hours a day, five days a week. The Home Service weekday programme for children is going to begin with 'Junior Time', designed for listeners aged five to eight; and an alternative programme, 'Playtime', largely devoted to music, will be broadcast on the Light Programme. It is a good idea to cultivate the potential listeners of the future; but one hopes that the new music programme will be something more than music-while-you-play. Some attempts at teaching music appreciation would not be amiss.

It was appropriate that these changes in children's programmes should be announced in the

hundredth edition of 'Ten O'Clock' (Home Service, February 7). I have been listening critically to this innovation in broadcasting, and it has included some useful stop-press interviews: Mr. Donald McLachlan, for example, was asked pretty straight questions on his new *Sunday Telegraph*, and he punched back like a pugilist in training; Mr. Maurice Macmillan (a good scoop, this) came straight from the House to attack the Government with remarkable dexterity. But I am still not converted from nine o'clock to ten o'clock; there is still too much salesmanship about the new programme. It sounds a trifle Americanized; and though I might not agree with the Member for Clackmannan and East Stirlingshire that *Radio Times* should be a national daily newspaper, I still possess *le snobisme de Big Ben*.

This brings me to a delicate point: what is happening to the Third Programme planners? The other day a programme ended seventeen minutes early; and on February 6 another one, 'To the Island', stopped suddenly in mid-air, and we were simply told that it was too long and would be finished later. I cannot say I regretted the omission: Mr. Murphy's poem 'The Last Galway Hooker' seemed bathetic to a degree. But his introductory comments on his discovery of Inishbofin made me feel he could have given a pleasant, unusual talk.

There was a sliver of a programme after the six o'clock news (Home Service, February 6) which also deserved different treatment. 'Music in the London Streets' was a natural for a lively documentary which probed a little way into *la vie de Bohème*. I hardly need say who should have done it; as it was, Tony Parker strung together a few tapes of barrel-organs and flageolets with a pedestrian commentary, and a theme which would have inspired a French film-producer with another *Carnet de Bal* went, so to speak, for a song.

Talking of music, I listened to Hugh Ottaway's second talk on Mozart's 'Jupiter' Symphony (Network Three, February 7); but if this was designed 'to extend understanding and enjoyment', it certainly had the reverse effect on me. It was far too technical, far too condensed, it was badly delivered, and it was so itchy-bitsy it seemed like a series of vexing interruptions. 'Talking of Theatre', which followed, was hardly more satisfying: the Anglo-French conversation between two Ondines made an awkward broadcast. (Shouldn't listeners to Network Three be assumed to understand slow-motion French, even if they can't speak it fluently?) As for the talks by Ben Iden Payne and Tamara Karsavina, they were just plain dull.

Two enjoyable programmes, thank goodness, to finish with. 'A Half-Open Door' (Home Service, February 7) was an affectionate addition to the 'Tuesday Talks'. Mr. Day Lewis recalled a visit to Thomas Hardy's study, and discoursed on Hardy and his Wessex with style and undisguised admiration. I am all in favour of showing feeling in a broadcast; we have far too many stiff-upper-lip essays, far too many tapes from which all evidence of emotion has been removed. One of the most laudable traits of these Tuesday Talks is that we hear them live: that we hear the genuine gusto, nervousness, indignation of the speaker. Between the recording and the live broadcast lies all the difference between the dress-rehearsal and the first-night performance. Talking of talks, perhaps someone could explain why talks producers never get credit titles? Surely they deserve some recognition?

'The Lady, or the Tiger?' (Third Programme, February 4) was a really delectable short story. This fable without a moral was published in the eighteen-eighties, but the author might have designed it for radio. Its theme would have gratified Saki (why, incidentally, isn't Saki read to us?); and though Felix Aylmer needs no

praise from me, I shall have the presumption to praise him all the same. His relish, his confidential tone, his changes of gear as he turned unexpected corners, were sheer delight.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



For Opera-lovers

OPERA-LOVERS HAD a treat last week, with *The Marriage of Figaro* being broadcast from the Royal Festival Hall (Third Programme, February 6) and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from Covent Garden (Third, February 11). For the Mozart an all-star cast had been assembled, including Schwarzkopf and Berganza as the Countess and Cherubino, Elisabeth Söderström as Susanna, Fernando Corena as Figaro, and Ernest Blanc as the Count. The opera was sung in Italian and conducted by Giulini, who had under him the Philharmonia Orchestra and a section of the Philharmonia Chorus. Concert performances of opera are not always satisfactory, but there is so much sheer music in a Mozart opera that the ear is kept fully occupied and entranced, even when there is nothing for the eye to see. From which, of course, it follows that for broadcasting this type of opera is ideal.

The performance on this occasion was of a high quality throughout. All the famous arias—*Voi che sapete*, *Dove sono*, *Deh vieni*—were sung and phrased with exceptional care and a feeling for style and character, and made to sound as fresh as if they had been written yesterday. But the beauty of the women's voices was not the only thing one could admire; they were well matched by the fine quality of Ernest Blanc's baritone, Corena's bass, and Hugues Cuenod's tenor (in the parts of Don Basilio and Don Curzio); while Piero Cappuccilli (bass) was excellent as the gardener. The whole performance seemed to run on velvet, and if Giulini's *tempi* seemed rather on the fast side (justifiable in a concert performance) he brought out every detail in a score which, even for Mozart, is a rare treasure house of vocal and instrumental felicities.

The same thing could be said, with certain reservations, of Britten's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Originally conceived as a 'chamber' opera, it was first produced by the English Opera Group at the Aldeburgh Festival in June last year, since when the composer has had to amplify his score considerably and adapt the work generally for the current production at Covent Garden. In other words, his opera, like Bottom, has been 'translated'—transformed, that is to say, into a full-blown Grand Opera. There seems to be no doubt but that, from a purely musical point of view, the work has gained a lot now that the instrumentation has been enriched and reinforced; certainly it sounded on the radio last Saturday much fuller and more exciting than when it was broadcast from Aldeburgh last summer. The atmosphere of the enchanted forest is admirably suggested and sustained by purely musical means, and the composer has woven a fascinating web of sound round the mischievous machinations of the fairies, the quarrels and misunderstandings of the mortal lovers and the buffoonery of 'Bully Bottom' and his boon companions.

The chief problem, of course, was to find a means of integrating these three different planes of fantasy, romance, and farce, and invent for each of them the appropriate musical equivalent. On the whole Britten's score succeeds in doing this, although there were times when one felt that the Pyramus and Thisbe business had gone on long enough—especially in the last act. One of the most extraordinary things about this score is that, at a time when experimentalism in music is running wild, it provides convincing proof

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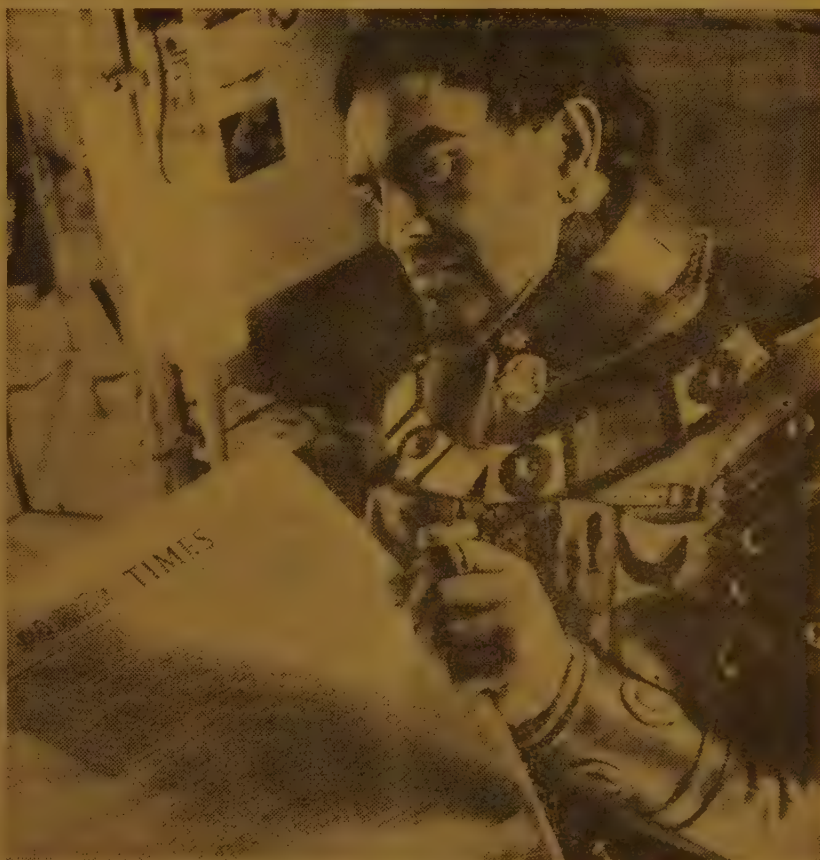


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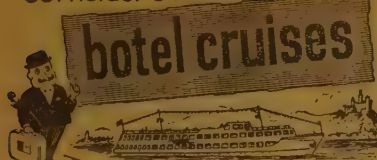
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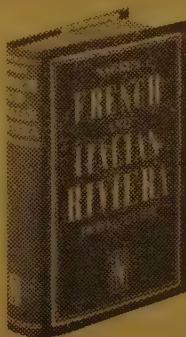
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that normal diatonic tonality is not yet played out. It is, in fact, a triumphant vindication of consonance; common chords abound, and melody flows from beginning to end, but without ever becoming banal.

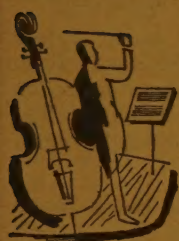
The chief innovation in the casting is the composer's choice of a counter-tenor to sing the part of Oberon and a chorus of boys' voices to represent the fairies, and is not, to my mind, a very happy one. Russell Oberlin's counter-tenor was so predominantly feminine in quality that it failed to provide any contrast to the clear, pure soprano of the Titania of Joan Carlyle, and many listeners to the broadcast must have found it somewhat disconcerting. Irene Salemk

was outstanding as Helena, and Geraint Evans sounded a richly comic and eminently vocal Bottom. Georg Solti, Covent Garden's new Musical Director, seemed to be in firm command, and drew some entrancing sounds from the orchestra.

A novel experiment involving the combination of electronic noises with an orchestra consisting of conventional instruments has been tried out by Roberto Gerhard in a composition entitled *Collages* which may have startled some unsuspecting listeners to the B.B.C. public concert broadcast from the Royal Festival Hall (Home Service, February 8). The synchronization of the tape-recorded sounds (not purely

electronic but a kind of *musique concrète*) with the orchestra must have presented considerable problems; but in the absence of any clue about what, if anything, the work is intended to express (apart from a vague reference to a 'life cycle'), the uninitiated listener could, I think, be pardoned for wondering what justification, on purely artistic grounds, there could be for the ugly, and sometimes deafening noises emitted by the loud-speakers which never seemed to have any real connexion with what was going on in the orchestra. As a courageous experiment in a new technique *Collages* is deserving of respect, even if we cannot accept it unreservedly as a fully integrated work of art.

ROLLO H. MYERS



Recent Trends in Soviet Music

By DAVID BROWN

Shostakovich's Violin Concerto will be broadcast at 9.5 p.m. on Tuesday, February 21 (Third)

THE events of the conference which produced the Zhdanov decree of 1948 are well known in the Western world through Alexander Werth's book, *Musical Uproar in Moscow*. An opera, *The Great Friendship*, sparked off the trouble; the ensuing conference developed into a violent attack on 'formalism' and 'individualism' in art and an extolling of the virtues of 'socialist realism', resulting in the general lowering of the musical sights and the public denunciation of Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Khachaturyan, and Myaskovsky. The naivety of the approach to the musical problems and the behaviour of the Soviet musicians are almost incredible to the Western reader, but events may seem a little less strange when viewed from the convinced communist's angle. In the communist world artists are neither mere entertainers nor are they elevated to any Shelleyan conception of 'unacknowledged legislators of the world'. The artist is a worker, and the worker lives and strives for the present. The idea that a composer who faces contemporary indifference should place his faith in the understanding of future generations is as foreign and ridiculous to the communist as some of his ideologically conditioned attitudes appear to us. The artist's purpose is to extol and inspire the material achievements of his fellow workers. Therefore his music must be accessible to these workers, be 'socially realistic' and national. It should not contain any individualism which has no relevance to them; 'pessimism' must be avoided.

The Soviet attitude to music has not deviated during the last twelve years from these basic tenets, but it seems that the authorities have emerged from the Zhdanov mess with a clearer focus on these principles and a greater wisdom in approaching the problems of Soviet musicians who try to conform to them. In 1958 *Pravda* published a decree of the Communist Party Central Committee entitled 'Concerning the errors in the assessments of the operas *The Great Friendship* . . .'. As far as possible the Zhdanov decree is upheld; the errors, it seems, were the result of Stalin's 'too subjective' approach to individual works, and the bad influence upon him of Molotov, Malenkov, and Beria. The most significant admission is of the unfair criticism which has been accorded certain individual works of some 'talented' composers, the Big Four being named in particular. *Pravda* is instructed to prepare an editorial article on the basic questions of the development of Soviet music. This *Pravda* dutifully does with that

prolix style of musical journalism which makes the Western reader either writhe or giggle.

It is unlikely that the Central Committee would have budged had not circumstances made it both possible and expedient to do so. Repression is a sign of insecurity and the decree of 1948 becomes more understandable when seen in the context of the early years of the Cold War, the orders to musicians being only one facet of the discipline which the authorities determined to exact at home. The Russian leaders' increasing confidence in the post-Stalin period is reflected not only in Mr. Khrushchev's boisterous personal diplomacy but in a more relaxed attitude to Soviet composers. Doubtless this is coupled with an awareness of the distressing musical results of the Zhdanov decree and the resistance of the better composers to the artistic strait-jacket which it imposed upon them. The fact is that the Zhdanov decree could not be accepted by the best Soviet musicians, however strong their personal communist beliefs. A speech which Khachaturyan delivered to a conference at the end of 1959 discloses the bewildered logic produced by the conflicting instincts of a convinced communist and a good musician. After pleading for a greater national element in music he promptly contradicted himself by dreaming of a round-table conference to work out a universal language of music. These sentiments were no doubt designed to please the ears of authority; it would be interesting to know how a conference could be expected to achieve this latter ideal. But most illuminating was his quite heretical and defiant support for some of Hindemith's work and an appeal for open appreciation of such 'outstanding masters' as Britten, Orff, Copland, Harris, 'not to speak of such highly gifted artists as Bela Bartók and Richard Strauss'. Khachaturyan at least has not entirely ceased to think for himself.

In the West the most ready signs are to be found in the more recent works of Shostakovich. Work on his Violin Concerto started in 1947 but it was not completed (or, at least, not released) until 1955. In his recent book on the composer, Rabinovich is naively unconvincing over the reasons for delay, but in view of the high evaluation of the work by Soviet musicians, he could hardly admit the obvious explanation that the Concerto would have been rejected outright by Zhdanov and Co. Meanwhile, in 1953, Shostakovich produced his grim and powerful Tenth Symphony. Its passage into the communist world might have been made easier by the addition of a convenient commentary to

invest it with ideological conformity, but Shostakovich has firmly refused to 'explain' the music for the perfectly clear reason that this symphony is not 'about' anything. It is in fact that Zhdanov anathema: a personal work. It got a divided press, but the better musicians welcomed it, partly maybe because it expressed openly the defiance they felt towards their politically imposed restrictions, but also because it is very fine music. Fortunately the lively finale enabled the political apologists to talk of 'ultimate optimism' and thus confer upon it some ideological respectability. By this time the post-Zhdanov Soviet music was presumably revealing to the authorities that the opposite of individuality is not universality but anonymity and that a composer's individuality is not only his most precious gift but that which makes the deepest appeal to his audience. The Tenth Symphony weathered the storm, and when the Violin Concerto appeared two years later it received more general approval.

Shostakovich clearly does not write with ease in symphonic forms. The severity of the first movement of the Tenth Symphony stems not only from the essential character of the music, but from the technical rigour with which Shostakovich handles his material. Its deployment is musically very impressive, but with a sense of rigid discipline which is also found applied to rhythm in the unmitigated thrust of the second movement. Like Britten, Shostakovich is an eclectic. This does not deny a strong individuality in the final synthesis, but indicates a profound need of tradition. It is to be expected that the influences he admits to his style will be more pronounced in works in which he feels least inner certainty and it is far easier to find positive traces of other composers in the first movement of the Tenth Symphony than in that of the Violin Concerto ('Nocturne') whose rhapsodic, melodically evolving manner seems to come more easily to him. The third movement of the Concerto is a chaconne, a form which is highly predetermined and disciplined, and which presents the dilemma of choice ('which of the possible moves do I make next') in a less aggravated guise than in thematically developing forms. The result is an impressive movement of great strength and concentration which is led naturally into the violin cadenza that links it to the finale. This, like the second movement, is colourful extrovert music, with a little of the aggressiveness of the second movement of the Tenth Symphony, but tempered with good humour.

Bridge Forum



Answers to Listeners' Questions—XVII

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

In the present series on Network Three, bridge questions submitted by listeners are answered by a panel. Throughout the series Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer in this column some of the questions not included in the radio programmes

Question 1 (from Mrs. Olive R. Hustler, Gosport):

North dealer; Game all

WEST		EAST	
♠ None		♠ A J 10 8 7 6 5 4 2	
♥ Q 8 7 4		♥ J	
♦ K J 8 4		♦ None	
♣ K J 9 5 4		♣ Q 10 6	
SOUTH		WEST	
—		—	
3 H		4 Cl	
No		5 Cl	
No		No	
SOUTH		NORTH	
—		No	
3 H		No	
No		No	
No		No	

Five Spades failed by one trick and the hand produced a violent argument. East-West normally play the Four Club bid to ask for aces. Where did the hand go wrong?

Answer: There were clearly faults on both sides. East's opening bid of Two Spades was a mistake. Opening bids of two should normally be reserved for hands of power and quality. East has the power, but opposite a passed hand and, indeed, in any circumstances, an opening bid of Four Spades is likely to give a more accurate picture. That suggests the likelihood of

making Four Spades if partner's hand is not too unsuitable, it suggests considerable spade strength and limited defensive values.

After an opening bid of Two Spades, West would have been best advised to double Three Hearts (a double which partner would have been unable to pass). The shortage of partner's suit should have encouraged West to defend rather than to try and play the hand. A bid of Four Clubs intended (as it must have been) as a natural bid was always likely to induce partner to bid Four Spades, and that would not have suited West.

A final word—the defect of using Four Clubs as a conventional bid is that, as in this instance, it may be too great a hardship to give up the use of the bid in its natural sense.

Question 2 (from A. R. Hodges, London, S.E.23):

North dealer; North-South game

SOUTH		WEST		NORTH		EAST	
—		—		1 Cl		No	
1 Sp		Double		3 Cl		No	
?							

South holds:

♠ A J 7 4 ♥ A 8 2 ♦ 10 7 5 3 ♣ 6 2

What should South call?

Answer: Three No Trumps must be a reasonable proposition. The bid of Three Clubs may

be in part defensive, but North-South are vulnerable against non-vulnerable opponents and the club suit therefore is likely to be long and solid. If North's outside value is limited, as sounds likely, nine tricks should be considerably easier than eleven.

(b) North held:

♠ K Q 5 ♥ Q J ♦ Q ♣ A K Q J 10 7 4

Do you agree with his bid of Three Clubs, and if not, what alternative would you suggest?

Answer: It follows from the earlier answer that this hand is far too strong for what may be construed as a barrage bid. There seems no better immediate choice than Redouble. The strength of the club suit can probably be shown in the subsequent auction.

(c) How should the hands be bid if North redoubles?

Answer: Let us suppose that East, over the redouble, bids Two Hearts or Two Diamonds and that this is passed round to North. His natural bid now is to jump to Four Clubs. South will now visualize a possible Slam and should make a cue bid of Four Hearts. North will have no difficulty in interpreting this bid, for with a genuine Heart suit South would have taken some action on the previous round. North will realize that his partner must have two Aces and the jump to Six Clubs will then be evident.

LESSON 5

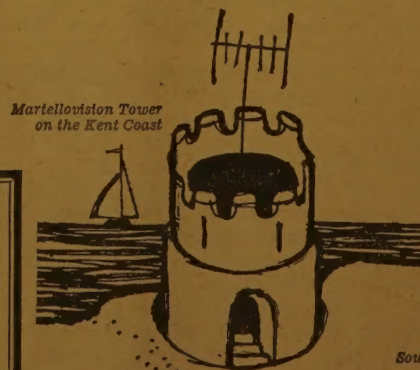
DEVON is famous for Sea Dogs who went out in barks to meet the foe. (An Exe marks the spot where they went out.) PLYMOUTH has a Ho which it gives whenever a Guinness comes in sight.

SOMERSET is famous for BATH which was occupied by the Romans. A Cheddar gorge can also be enjoyed in this county. Usually accompanied by Guinness.



A Roman Bath Chap

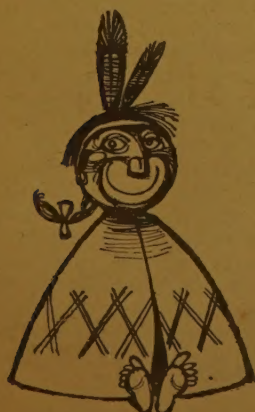
KENT has the SNACK PORTS famous for Rye Sandwich, Winkle-teas, Dover Soles and Whitstable oysters which are all jolly good with Guinness. Kent also supplies some of the hops that go in this famous drink.



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ABOUT THE HOUSE



Sausage Spinners

To MAKE sausage spinners you will need:
 ½ lb. of puff, flaky, or short pastry
 ½ lb. of sausage meat
 egg for brushing

Roll out the pastry very thin (¼-½ inch thick). Put the sausage meat in a basin, and mix in about two tablespoons of cold water. Wet the edges of the pastry, which should be rolled into a square. Spread the sausage meat on the pastry, to about ¼ of an inch from the edges. Taking the pastry towards you, 'tumble' it gently and lightly over the sausage, like a swiss roll. It must be kept very light, not forced down into a roll. Seal the edges, and roll the long 'sausage' into greaseproof paper, or metal foil. Keep in a refrigerator or very cold place for a few hours (overnight is best).

When ready to bake, dip a sharp knife in flour, and cut the roll in slices, about ¼ of an inch thick, or a little less. They may go out of shape as you cut them, but it is easy to mould them gently back into shape as you place them on the baking sheet. Allow them room to spread a little. Brush with egg. To vary the flavour, garnish with chopped bacon, apple or tomato; chopped onion, or the sieved yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Bake at gas regulo 7 or 8, electric 400°-450° F., for 10 to 12 minutes.

The sausage meat can also be flavoured in different ways: by mixing in a teaspoon of curry powder, or a small amount of chopped onion, or tomato sauce, or even grated cheese.

If small spinners are wanted, say for a party, the pastry should be rolled into an oblong, and 'tumbled' lengthways with the meat inside, making a long slim roll. The spinners can be eaten hot or cold.

JEAN RENNIE
 —Television Cookery Club

Renovating Flooring

Grease or oil stains can be a problem, particularly on cork or wooden floors. But one can usually get rid of them by scrubbing with a solution of 4 oz. of tri-sodium phosphate in a gallon of hot water. This will afterwards need a neutralizing wash, made from 1 pint of vinegar in 1 gallon of water. Finally, there is the usual rinse-off in clean water. Tar stains can usually be dealt with by wiping them over with a cotton-wool swab soaked in oil of eucalyptus: but, so far as most other stains are concerned, I would suggest using one of the special two-stage bleaches. If all these fail there is one final trump card, because you can usually find a local flooring firm who will sand off the floor at a reasonable price. That will leave you with a floor that is almost as good as new, and you can then stain it and treat it with one of the floor seals, and, finally, give it a good wax polish.

Damaged tiles, whether they are made of linoleum, rubber, or flexible p.v.c., can usually be pulled up easily, and replaced with new ones—that is, if you can get the same pattern. If you cannot, you may be able to rob some part of the floor that is conveniently out of sight. But

with thermoplastic tiles, that is not quite so easy, because they are brittle when they are cold. Still, it is possible to warm the tile gently with a blow lamp, and then prise it up carefully. Before you stick the tile down again, you will have to remove the old adhesive from the floor, and, if it is an old tile, from the tile too. For the actual job of fixing it down, it is essential to use an adhesive that is suitable for the sort of tile you are working with.

DAVID ROE
 —'Today' (Home Service)

Notes on Contributors

- F. S. NORTLEDGE (page 292): Lecturer in International Relations, London University
 NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, C.B.E. (page 299): Professor of the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London University; author of *An Outline of European Architecture, Pioneers of Modern Design*, etc.
 MARTIN COOPER (page 301): music critic, *Daily Telegraph*; editor, *Musical Times*, 1953-56; author of *Russian Opera*, etc.
 FRANCIS HASKELL (page 303): Fellow of King's College, Cambridge University; translator of Franco Venturi's *Roots of Revolution*
 HUGH LLOYD-JONES (page 304): Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford University; editor of *Menander: Dyscolus* in the Oxford Classical Texts series
 RUSSELL BRADDON (page 308): writer and journalist; author of *The Piddingtons, The End of Hate, The Proud American Boy*, etc.
 CAREL WEIGHT (page 316): painter; Professor of the Painting School of the Royal College of Art

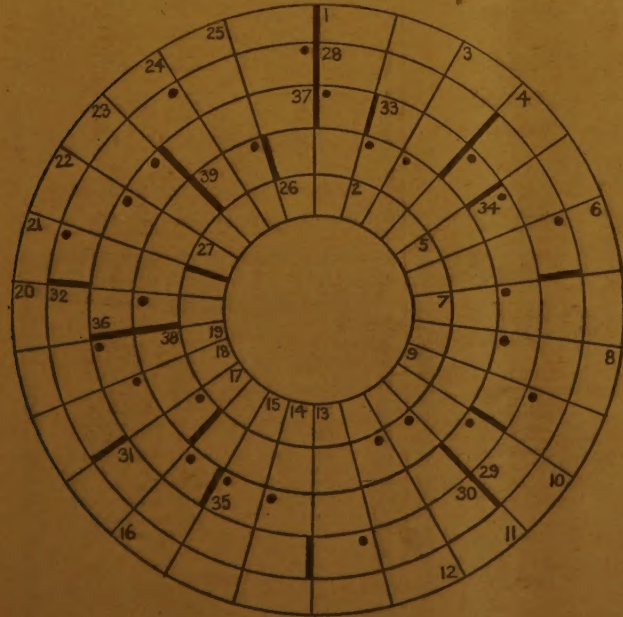
Crossword No. 1,603. Alphabetical Inserts—VIII. By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened: book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 23. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.

The puzzle consists of twenty-six radial lights of five letters each, some running towards the centre and the others from the centre outwards. These lights are clued by words (1-26)

containing four letters each and are obtained by inserting another letter, a different one being used each time. The dots indicate the spaces occupied by the inserted letters. In the completed puzzle, two twenty-six letter, seven-word quotations, from Dickens and Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, run clockwise from 1 and 27 respectively. A number of circular lights are clued, and in all cases the clue number appears in the space occupied by the initial letter of the light. 12, 14, and 19 are geographical names. Punctuation and accents have been ignored.



- CLUES—Radial
 1. Looks both ways for seats
 2. Obtain shelter when going to the North
 3. There's a light element missing from the river bark of Spenser
 4. From the capital of Victoria I travel to an Indianan County
 5. Discharge one gets from a heating apparatus
 6. Cope with her and you can see the prismatic colours
 7. It was once mixed in ointments
 8. Norfolk town has no credit outside this capital
 9. Ancient Etruscan town sounds crazy
 10. Wind-shaken Highlander
 11. An ancient Caliph turned up with nothing in a U.S. state
 12. Render the chorus, but not again!
 13. German rank and file initially taken for the count
 14. This will indicate position in a contour map
 15. This habitue follows the doctor and shows undue curiosity
 16. Such a round should bring the game to life
 17. Having enough strength to return to the island
 18. It's a form of funeral rite in India
 19. Well-informed in advance, and, in the result, on top

20. She has carriage and I thank heaven for her
 21. High society folk sit around in clubs for example
 22. Pervaded by hypnotic force we were under a handicap
 23. Should this agent get hold of one mine, he will throw his weight about
 24. A stretch of water that ebbs into Southern Ireland
 25. A strip of territory in the Near East
 26. It takes the merest fraction of time over the hour to get the gazelle

Circular

- 28+33. A simple recession in Switzerland (5)
 29+39. Silver coin badly bent but still free from angles (6)
 30. Elf's child is well acquainted with a small island (3)
 31. A selected list of candidates for the court (4)
 34. Muscular strength necessary to make a British Railway shelter (5)
 35. A secret store of money put up especially for bills (5)
 36. Glaciation stage of a rude violin in Shetland, New Zealand (4)
 37+32. Fine paid when men run amok? (6)
 38. Jack has only a step to take to the plains (3)

Solution of No. 1,601

Table with 10 rows and 10 columns of letters, representing the solution to crossword No. 1,601.

NOTES

Across: 11. a tube rot, anag.; 13. 3 mngs.; 20. air-r-a-id; 23. rev. of man-na; 26. sed(Ate); 33. a-ma-zon(c); 34. rev. of no-I-tale; 36. esco(R)t; 44. j(cewellery)-oes, and 2 mngs.
 Down: 2. o-tic(k); 4. rev. of sore, and lit.; 6. ke(M)ps; 7. U.N.-bar; 8. mo-ut-an; 9. matt-in-S.; 10. rev. of nil, and 2 mngs.; 19. 2 mngs.; 25. b-all-on; 29. s-oo-ty; 31. anag. of tale, in tr.; 41. no-(h)el(l); 42. k(ing)-e.g.
 1st prize: A. F. Toms (London, S.W.19); 2nd prize: M. F. Howard (Cambridge); 3rd prize: H. T. Edgar (London, S.E.15)

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